

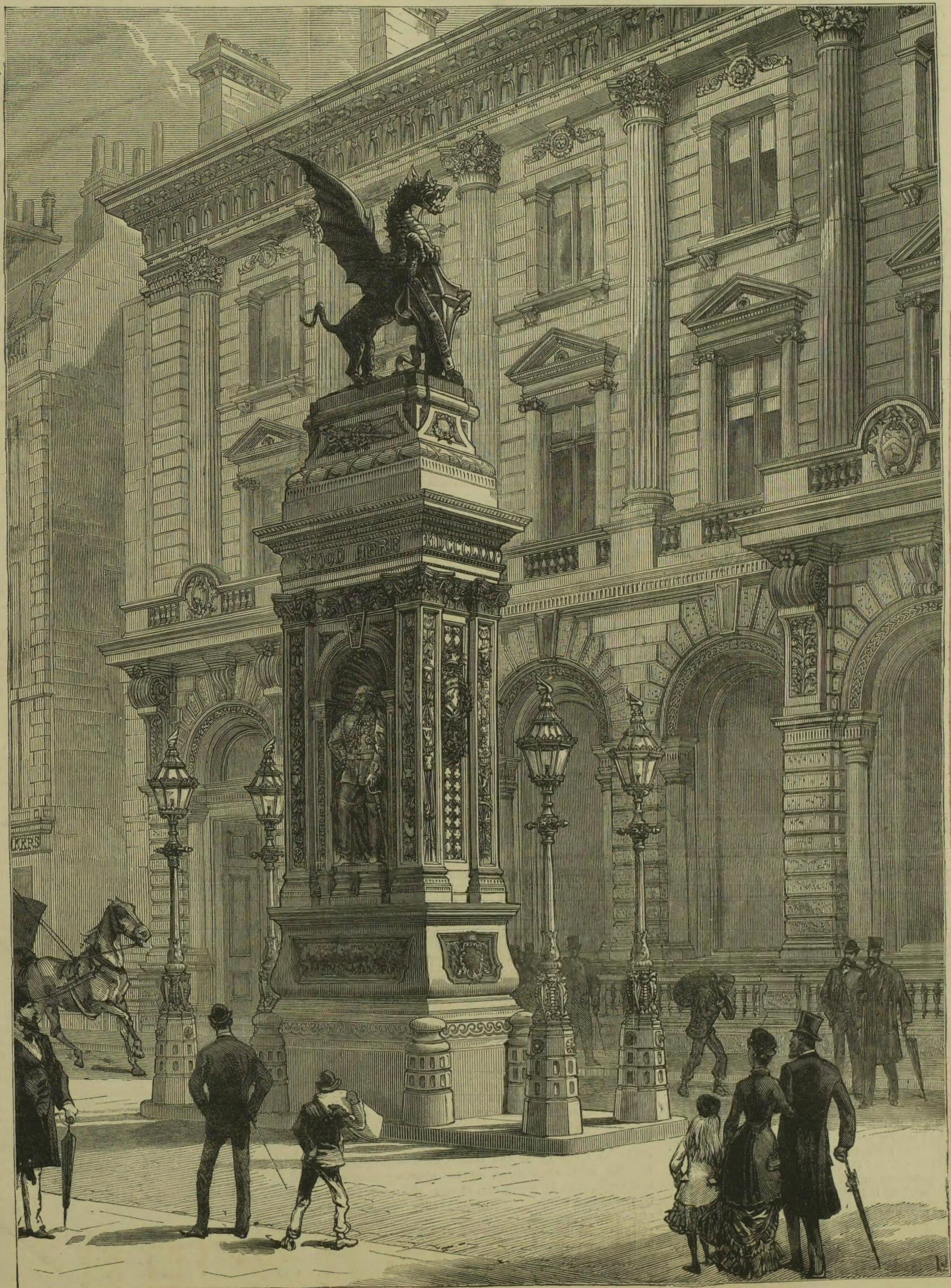
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2161.—VOL. LXXVII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

WITH
TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.



THE TEMPLE-BAR MEMORIAL.—SEE PAGE 422.

BIRTHS.

On the 21st inst., at Forest House, Bournemouth, the Lady Lucy Drury Lowe, of a daughter.
On the 6th inst., at Rothesay, New Brunswick, the wife of Thomas Stead, of a daughter.
On the 23rd inst., at 38, Dover-street, the Lady Norah Hodgson, of a son.
On the 21st inst., at Gravelye House, Hayward's-heath, the Lady Elbark, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 21st inst., at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. George R. Winter, M.A., Vicar of Swaffham, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. N. T. Gandy, M.A., the Rev. Edward George Adlington Winter, M.A., Rector of East Bradenham, Norfolk, to Horatia Georgina Isabella, eldest daughter of Major-General A. R. McMahon, of Hollymount, Queen's County.

On the 22nd ult., at San Francisco, California, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Northern California, Sydney Hampden Pedder, of London, Solicitor, to Cecilia Frances (Fanny), eldest daughter of William Arthur Green, Esq., of the Arcade House, San Francisco, and granddaughter of the late General Count de Pregent. No cards.

DEATHS.

On the 30th ult., at Graeme Villa, St. John's, Ryde, Isle of Wight, Margaretta Henrietta, widow of Vice-Admiral Honynan, formerly M.P., for Orkney and Shetland, and granddaughter of Sir John Knight, K.C.B., in her 90th year. Friends will please accept this intimation.

On the 21st inst., at Pera, Constantinople, the Right Hon. James St. Clair, fourteenth Baron Sinclair, aged 77.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, or Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 6.

SUNDAY, OCT. 31.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. St. James's, noon, Hon. and Rev. F. E. Byng.
Morning Lessons: Hosea xiv.
2 Tim. ii. Evening Lessons: Joel ii. 21, or iii. 9; Luke xxi. 5.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. J. F. Serjeant, Vicar of St. Mary's, Fulham; 3.15 p.m., Bishop Piers, Chaughton; 7 p.m., Rev. H. Temple, Vicar of St. John's, Leeds.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.

MONDAY, NOV. 1.

All Saints' Day. Musical Association, 5 p.m. (Mr. E. H. Turpin, on Certain Musica Idioms and Expressions).
National Gallery reopened.
Institute of Art Exhibition, 9, Conduit-street, opened.
Royal Institution, general monthly meeting, 5 p.m.
Society of Engineers, 7.30 p.m.
Medical Society, 8.30 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOV. 2.

New Moon, 3.55 p.m.
Michaelmas Law Sittings begin.
The Lord Chancellor's Reception of the Judges, &c., noon.
Christian Knowledge Society, 2 p.m.
Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dean Burdon on Divinity; and on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th.
Smith Place Institute, 7 p.m., (Mr. W. C. Coupland on Ethical Principles; 8.30 p.m., Dr. E. B. Averil on Biology).

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3.

Agricultural Society, noon.
Entomological Society, 7 p.m.
Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.
Chemical Society, 8 p.m. (Mr. E. W. E. Kay on Compounds of Vanadium and Sulphur; papers by Messrs. Kingzett, Carnelley, Pattison, Muir, Dr. Frankland, and others).
Linnean Society, 8 p.m. (Professor G. Watt on the Flora of India; papers by Mr. J. G. Otto Tepper, and Mr. J. G. Baker).

THURSDAY, NOV. 4.

Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
Governesses' Benevolent Institution, general court, noon, (the Earl of Harrowby in the chair).
City of London College, 6 p.m. (Dr. N. Heinemann on Political Economy—Law of Agriculture).
Philological Society, 8 p.m. (Spelling Reform meeting).
Aberdeen University, address of Lord Rosebery, as Lord Rector.

SATURDAY, NOV. 6.

Vintners' Hall, attendance of Prince Leopold to take up his freedom.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.	WIND.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.						
Oct. 17	30.078	50°5	46°2	0°	10	57°3	47°4	NE. N.	46	0°000
18	30.011	49°1	44°5	75	3	56°2	44°7	WSW. NE.	99	0°010
19	29.993	44°2	38°3	78	9	47°6	42°2	NE. WSW.	168	0°050*
20	29.578	33°1	31°9	96	9	43°4	32°8	NE. NNW.	171	0°055*
21	29.825	39°1	32°1	78	8	46°8	31°2	NW. N.	188	0°135
22	29.656	42°1	35°2	79	10	46°0	38°4	NE.	372	0°235
23	29.893	40°4	31°2	72	6	46°4	36°0	NE.	418	0°000

* Rain and snow.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 30.078
Temperature of Airs .. 50°5
Temperature of Evaporation .. 41°9
Direction of Wind .. NE.

Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 30.088
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Temperature of Evaporation .. 41°9
Direction of Wind .. NE.

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ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Old Cobbett once expressed a wish to parade all the members of the newspaper press on Kennington-common, in order, as he put it, that the public might see by what an ugly set of fellows they were governed. In the current number of that highly respectable—I had almost said venerable—periodical, the *Quarterly Review*, a not very successful attempt is made to parade the whole newspaper press of the nineteenth century in Albemarle-street for the inspection, possibly (through double eyeglasses), of the old gentlemen from the clubhouses in Pall-mall and St. James's, who occasionally manifest some anxiety to see “the fellows who write for the newspapers.” With a similar intent they repair once a year to the festival of that excellent institution the Newspaper Press Fund; but there they are usually disappointed in their quest: as the great majority of journalists who are really eminent in their profession are content to subscribe to the funds of the charity, and to stay away from the dinner.

The *Quarterly* article is not, apart from some industriously compiled statistics, a valuable production; but it is in parts highly amusing. The writer is remarkably diffuse on the subject of the remuneration of the gentlemen of the press (do we inquire how many guineas a sheet the Editor of the *Quarterly* pays his contributors?), and states that a journalist who is able to write a “slashing” leading article—a task which the reviewer thinks can be accomplished “without much labour and without much difficulty”—may earn from fifteen to twenty guineas a week. Dear me! And is that so? But how many “slashing” leaders must the gifted journalist compose in order to earn from seven hundred and fifty to a thousand a year? Two leaders or six? And what is a “slashing” leader? I always thought that the art of inditing “slashing” articles began to die out with Theodore Hook, who, in the Tory *John Bull*, abused Queen Caroline; with Dr. Maginn, who, in the Tory *Fraser*, insulted the Countess of Berkeley; and with the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, who, in the Tory *Quarterly* itself, vituperated Lady Morgan. Ah! those were the *grands jours d'Auvergne*—and Albemarle-street.

Just two more excruciatingly diverting items, and I have done with this odd article. The reviewer pathetically laments that Conservatism is not more fully represented in the London daily press. Why, my good man, Liberalism is nowhere, comparatively speaking, among the dailies. We have the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* in the morning, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Echo* in the evening; whereas you, gentlemen Tories, have the *Standard*, morning and evening, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Globe*, and, in the essentials of Conservatism, the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. As for us, poor Radicals, we are journalistically a feebler folk than the conies. The wit, the humour, the eloquence, the logic, are all on your side, gentlemen Tories.

The last point to which I advert is the most comical one of all. The reviewer solemnly rebukes as “the worst” and most mischievous of the weekly organs of Radicalism a journal of which he is unable to quote even the name correctly. *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* he calls *Lloyd's Weekly London News*. Everybody knows that the editor of that widely-circulated journal is Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, the biographer and the apologist of Napoleon III., and who is a conscientious but strictly constitutional and moderate Liberal, who was a stanch supporter of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy, and whose political leading articles are couched in the gentlest and least offensive of strains.

“A German,” referring to the “Spare the Rod, &c.,” discussion, remembers that, some thirty years ago, he was taught as a boy to repeat—

Liebe Ruth
Mach mich gutt;
Mach mich fromm
Dass ich in den Himmel komm.

So that, at all events, we have obtained a little fragment of folklore from this forbidding question. I am yet at issue with Professor W. W. Skeat (who still refrains from assailing me with hundred-ton guns and showers of assegais); but I must defer giving the gist of his last courteous communication until I have written to him privately to ask him to clear up a point in his letter which I cannot quite understand, and which would require too much space to be fully treated, here. The conclusion of “Maria's” clever, cynical letter puzzles me altogether; but I have many puzzling correspondents.

A cheery, bright-spirited letter reaches me from H.M.S. “Conway,” at Birkenhead, the youngsters on board which gallant craft have, it appears, “received orders to get two farces ready for performance by Christmas.” I like the straightforwardness and terseness of the order. No beating about the bush! No circumlocution! All perfectly ship-shape. “Pipe all hands for skylarking. Aye, aye, Sir.” The farces were to be “screaming” ones; so I ventured to recommend a choice of pieces, comprising “The Area Bell,” “The Pigskins,” “Make Your Wills,” “A Philosopher in a Smock-Frock,” and “The Birthplace of Podgers.” And I wish the youngsters on board H.M.S. “Conway” a merry Christmas, with all my heart.

The schooling I had more than forty years ago was of a very grim and conventional kind; but there were two occasions during the year on which we were permitted to laugh uproariously. On the day preceding that of the annual distribution of prizes a temporary theatre was erected on the drill-ground (one could scarcely call it a play-ground); and a “screaming” farce was performed by the elder boys. One year it was “Le Sourd; or l'Auberge Pleine”—our English “Deaf as a Post;” next year it was the old original mediaeval “Avocat Putelin,” in which so frequently occurs the now proverbial locution, “Revenons à nos moutons.”

And the other occasion? It was on the twenty-seventh of December. The whole class of which I was a member, which

was composed of about forty boys, were permitted to compete for a prize—in the shape of a day added to the ordinary week's holiday at the New Year—for the best humorous essay or “thème” on a text given out by the master. I can see him now, rapping his snuff-box, and looking much wiser than any portrait of Lord Eldon—to say nothing of Lord Thurlow—that ever came under my purview ever looked. At length he spake. “*Ma Femme et mon Parapluie*.” This was the text for the prize essay to be written upon. A shout of laughter burst from forty throats, and was again and again renewed: the suggestor of the subject remaining imperturbably calm and majestic. I may add that “*Ma Femme et mon Parapluie*” was the title of a vaudeville which, just then, was making all Paris shriek with laughter. I did not come out first in the competition: not having, in the year 1839, much to say that was humorous or otherwise touching either wives or umbrellas. It may be that the prize-winner was one of my class-mates who has since achieved considerable ability as a dramatist: being the author, indeed, of “*La Dame aux Camélias*.”

Within three-quarters of a mile of the house which I inhabit there occurred last Saturday night a most terrible stabbing affray. In a place called Eyre-street-hill, in the heart of the Italian colony in London, a fierce disturbance took place between the foreigners and the English. The former drew their knives, and began stabbing right and left. Two Italians have already been brought before the magistrate at Clerkenwell, and charged with being concerned in the affray; and other arrests will probably be made by a vigilant police, acting “on information which they have received.” At least half a dozen persons, one of them a female, were wounded on this terrible Sunday night; and a baby in its mother's arms narrowly escaped being stabbed.

Can there be anything more Russianly, more cowardly, and more un-English than this use of the knife; and should not the peculiarly Italian crime of stabbing be stamped from out our midst by the utmost rigour of the law. All right-minded persons must be of such an opinion; yet I confess that my own pride and joy at being a native of a non-stabbing nation were considerably modified when, in the self-same paper which contained the report of the Sabbath evening brawl in which the bloodthirsty aliens from the Sunny South ran amuck, I read that a fashionably dressed young gentleman, living in one of the squares of Belgravia, had been committed to take his trial, at the Central Criminal Court, for smashing a decanter over the head of a German waiter at a Regent-street restaurant, who, he said, had been insolent to him. “The blow,” says the report, “was so violent that the bottle was shattered in fragments, and blood flowed copiously from the wound which it caused. I hope the German waiter will escape erysipelas.”

Again, the enthusiasm of my exultation at belonging to a nation which does not use the knife was somewhat tempered when I read in the self-same number of the *Pall Mall* that an “amateur” prize-fight was reported to have taken place last Saturday at Handforth, in Cheshire. There was no money at stake, “the affair being the outcome (I like ‘outcome’) of an old grudge and a discussion as to the relative merits of the two as boxers.” The ropes and stakes, for making a ring, were sent to the appointed place of rendezvous in a hearse; but, the police having got scent of the affair and seized the pugilistic paraphernalia, the principals and a large number of their friends and supporters met at Handforth, where the battle took place. Nineteen rounds were, it is stated, fought, and the two men pummelled each other during one hour and a half. Both were severely punished. As neither would give in, at the conclusion of the ninety minutes' fisticuffs the battle was pronounced a drawn one. This, no doubt, was an exhibition of true British bulldog courage; but how about that “old grudge”? In any case, the stabbing brawl in Clerkenwell, the bottle-smashing assault at the Regent-street restaurant, and the “amateur” prize-fight in Cheshire lead one to ponder very gravely over the despairing query of the American poet as to Civilisation being a failure, and as to the Caucasian being “played out.”

I have most respectfully and regretfully to inform the lady who writes me from Novo Alexandrovsk, in the government of Kovno, Russia, that it is quite out of my power to send her a copy of some stanzas on the death of the Prince Imperial, of which, it would seem, I made mention in some long bygone “Echoes.” I have accomplished a journey of twenty thousand miles since I quoted the stanzas in question. I had a good “burning-up day” of old manuscripts before I went away, and have filled a great many waste-paper baskets since I came home. I am always ready, I hope, to assist my great army of correspondents in every quarter of the habitable globe, as far as I am able. I answer as many letters and as many questions as I can; but I do humbly assure my querists that were I to respond to a twentieth part of the missives which they send me, or to thresh out a tithe of the problems which they propound, I should have so to neglect the business which is my only means of livelihood, that before six months were over I should, in all probability, find myself an inmate of St. Pancras Workhouse. And my loftiest ambition is to pay my rates and taxes, and keep out of the workhouse, until, at least, increasing age and infirmities unavoidably constrain me to apply for indoor relief.

I fail to see that any practical good resulted from the late international balloon contest at the Crystal Palace (which took place at least two months too late in the season); and on the first day, the fog rendering aerostatic competition inexpedient, the “international contest” resolved itself into an international luncheon, at which a number of interesting speeches were made. The promoters of the affair were good enough to ask me to act as one of the referees—not as regards the luncheon, but with respect to the aeronauts; but, seeing that thirty years have elapsed since I went “up in a balloon,” and that our aerial machine burst ingloriously at the altitude of a mile,

and that we were fain to descend involuntarily in an improvised parachute, I fail to discern (not having since risked my life in such a tom-fool's enterprise) what useful purpose I could have served as a “referee.” The balloon authorities should have sent for Mr. Sampson or Mr. Ashton Dilke.

At the same time I firmly believe that the secret of aerial navigation will be discovered some day. Whether such a discovery would lead to the abrogation of war is doubtful. The idea of two fleets of iron-clad balloons bombarding or ramming each other in the clouds can be realised—to the mind's eye—quite easily; but the question of obtaining a navigable motive-power in combination with a sustaining power is quite another affair. One thing, however, is certain. Balloons have ceased to be mere scientific toys. Mr. Glaisher has demonstrated how they can be utilised in meteorological investigations; and Mr. Coxwell has made great progress in the development of war-balloons. He and Commander Cheyne are of opinion that aerostats may be rendered serviceable in Arctic explorations; and some Engineer officers hold that balloons will come in very handily in the next war, in the way of dropping torpedoes on the heads of the enemy.

Mem.: As we were coming down—it was right over Fulham—in the improvised parachute, I cut away the grapnel from the side of the car. That grapnel must have fallen somewhere about Fulham. Ever since August, 1851, a vague feeling of remorse has gnawed my conscience with regard to that grapnel. Did it hit anybody?

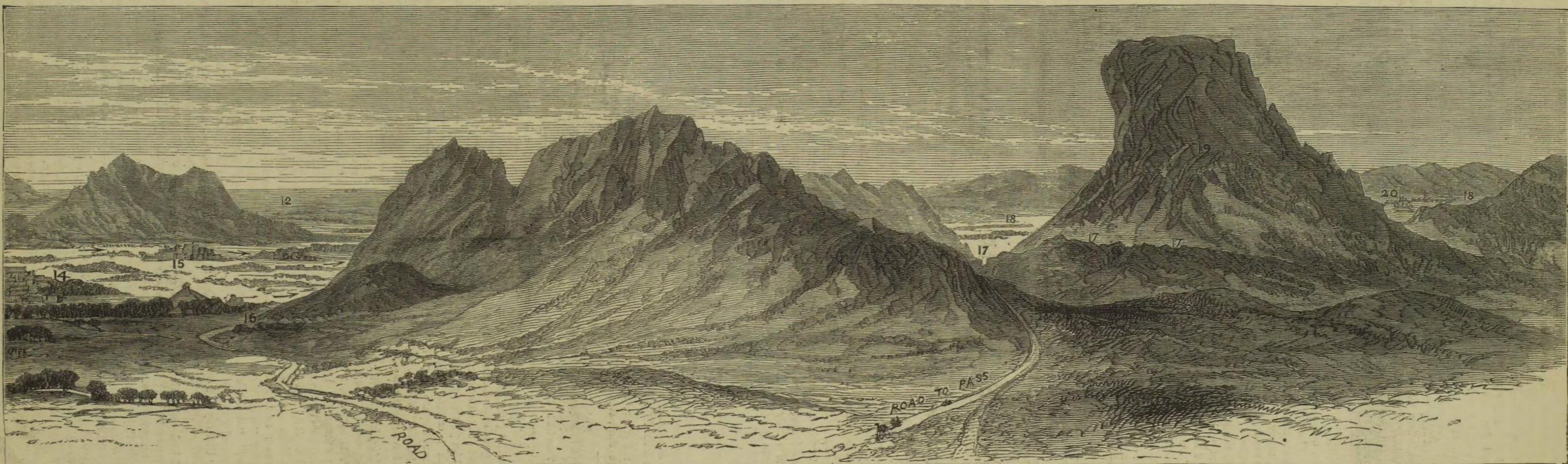
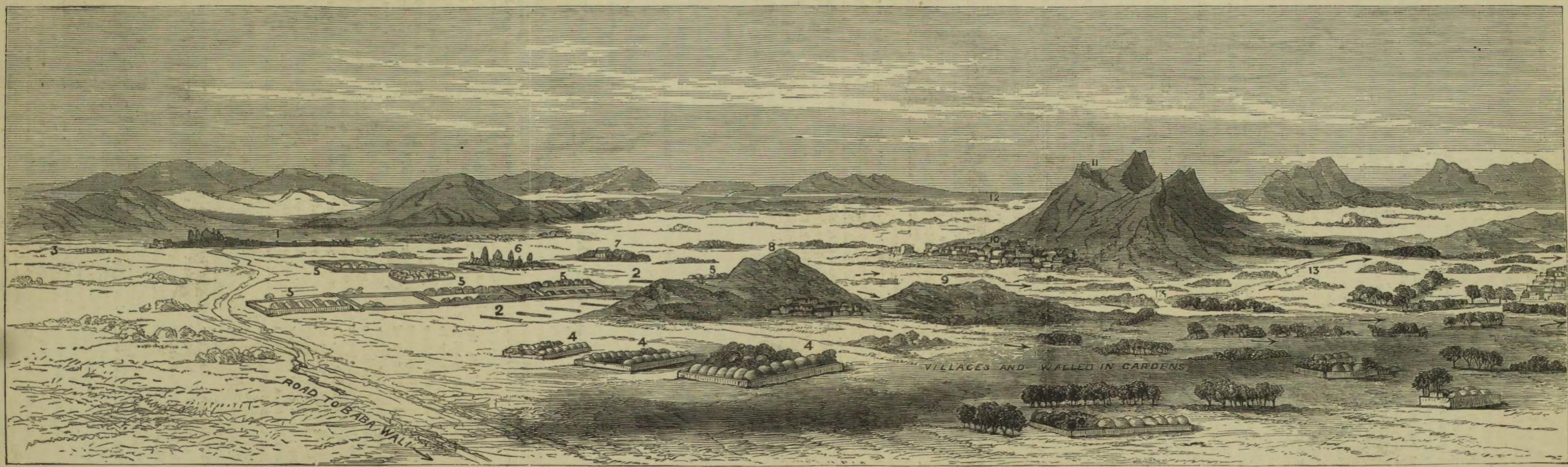
“What's in a name?” Well, the Shakspearian dictum to the contrary notwithstanding, a gentleman whose father was so unfortunate as to be shot by sentence of court-martial may not care about being reminded of the painful circumstance by a caricature of the execution of his sire on the stage of a theatre. Only thirteen years have elapsed since the unhappy Archduke Maximilian, the “phantom” Emperor of Mexico, was shot by the victorious Juarists at Queretaro. One of his most attached adherents, General Miramon, was sentenced to and suffered the same fate. The tragedy of Queretaro has been recently made the subject of a drama, called “Juarez,” by a French dramatist, M. Alfred Gassier. The performance of the piece was prohibited by the Censorship; but it appears to be in print, and M. de Miramon, the son of the unlucky General, resenting what he considered to be an offensive mention of his father's name, challenged Mr. Alfred Gassier, the playwright. They fought on Tuesday; and M. de Miramon received a slight sword-wound in the hand.

“What's in a name?” might again be asked in a very jubilant manner by Mr. Robert Etzensberger, the manager of the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, who, at the recent Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, struck by the “happy thought” that the interests of temperance might be served even in the midst of a display of what somebody called the “Technics of Tippling,” exhibited a number of his patent tea and coffee filters, with double action apparatus, so as to make both coffee and tea and supply hot water and milk at the same time. To this machine Mr. Etzensberger, by a still happier thought, gave the generic name of “The Wilfrid.” Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., was tickled by the felicitous conceit; the *Times*, and other morning papers, humorously cited “The Wilfrid” in leading articles; and the fortune of this particular tea and coffee filter is as good as made.

Mem.: We took one of these machines with us to America; and a “lady friend” of mine, by kind permission of Captain Haines, of the Cunard Steam-ship *Scythia*, delivered a brief lecture on the Etzensberger filter in the saloon, and made coffee *à la minute* for the “first families” among the passengers. At the conclusion of our happy (albeit tempestuous) voyage we presented the tea and coffee filter to Captain Haines (for that kind and courteous commander to have had his due it should have been of silver gilt); but, just before we landed at the Custom House Wharf, New York, a fellow-passenger, hitherto unknown to me, approached me in a mysterious manner, and, in a stealthy whisper, informed me that he had listened to “the coffee biggin' lecture” with great interest, and asked whether I thought the lady could do “something light and graphic in the Patent Fire and Burglar-proof Safe line.” Travelling expenses guaranteed and a handsome commission on all cash sales. He thought possibly we “travelled in filters.” I hastened to tell him that Mr. Etzensberger was a most ingenious and persevering person, a very old friend of mine, whom I was always anxious to serve whenever I could legitimately do so, in memory of certain kindnesses he did me many years ago in Italy, when I was in the Tyrol with Garibaldi, and the lady who delivered the “coffee biggin' lecture” on board the *Scythia* was shut up in beleaguered Venice.

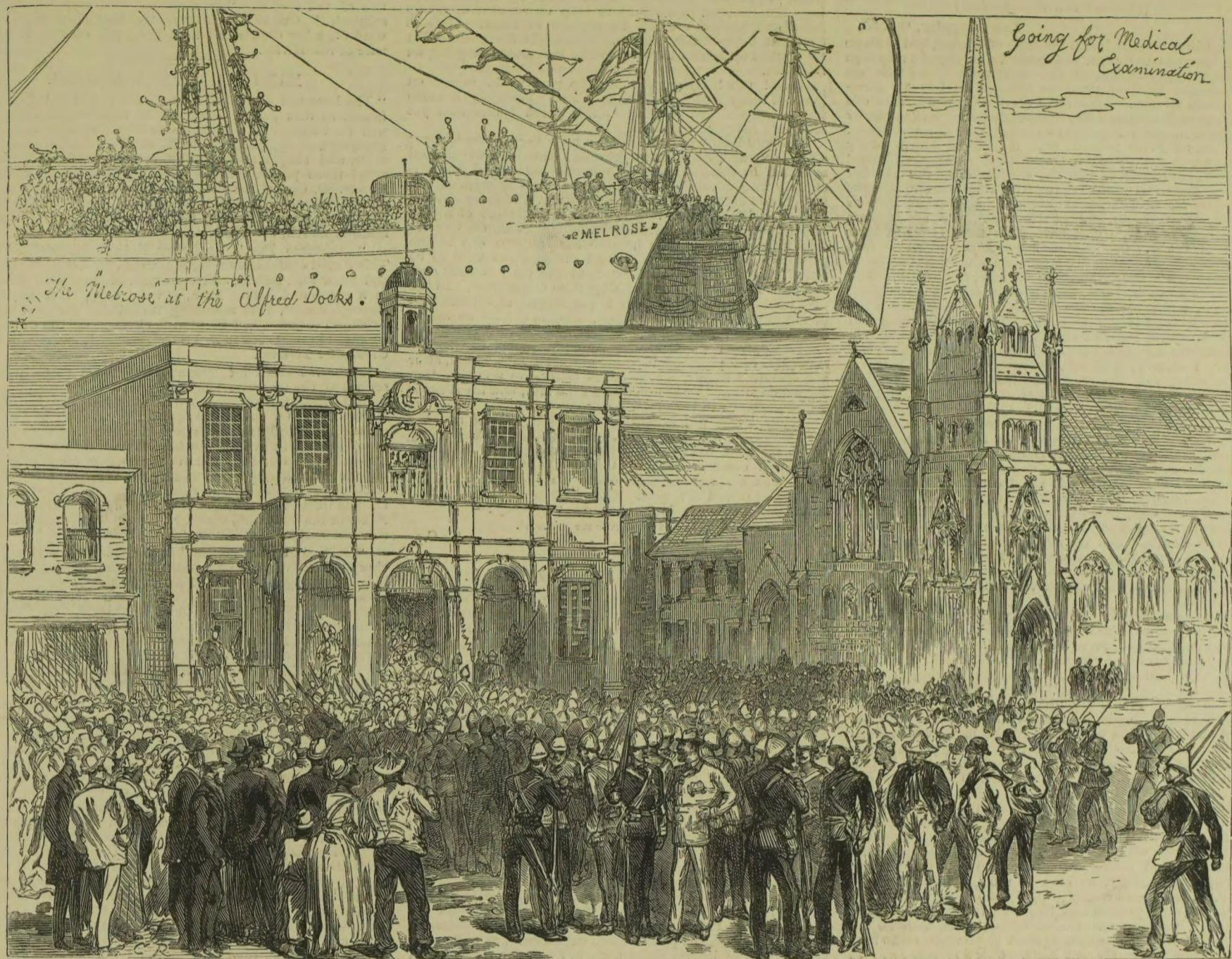
A brilliant cohort of contributors has Mr. Clement Scott gathered round him for the Christmas annual in course of publication by Messrs. Routledge, called “The Green Room: Stories by Those who Frequent it.” The dramatists and theatrical critics are adequately represented by sketches and stories by Mr. Clement Scott, the editor himself; Mr. Gilbert a'Becket, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, Mr. Byron, Mr. Savile Clarke, Mr. Frank Marshall, Mr. Robert Recce, Mr. Fulgrave Simpson, Mr. Burnand, Mr. Alfred Thompson, and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Among the “professionals” I find Madame Modjeska, Miss Marie Litton, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. W. J. Florence (but where is Mrs. Gen'l Gilfroy?), Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Howe, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. J. L. Toole, and Mr. Henry Irving. Truly a dainty dish to set before King Public. But why do not the painters and draughtsmen get up a Christmas annual among themselves, and write their own stories as well as illustrate them? There is a painful want of Solidarity among the professors of British arts, and very little true camaraderie between Rafaele Smudge, R.A., and poor Dick Tinto, the Bohemian.

G. A. S.

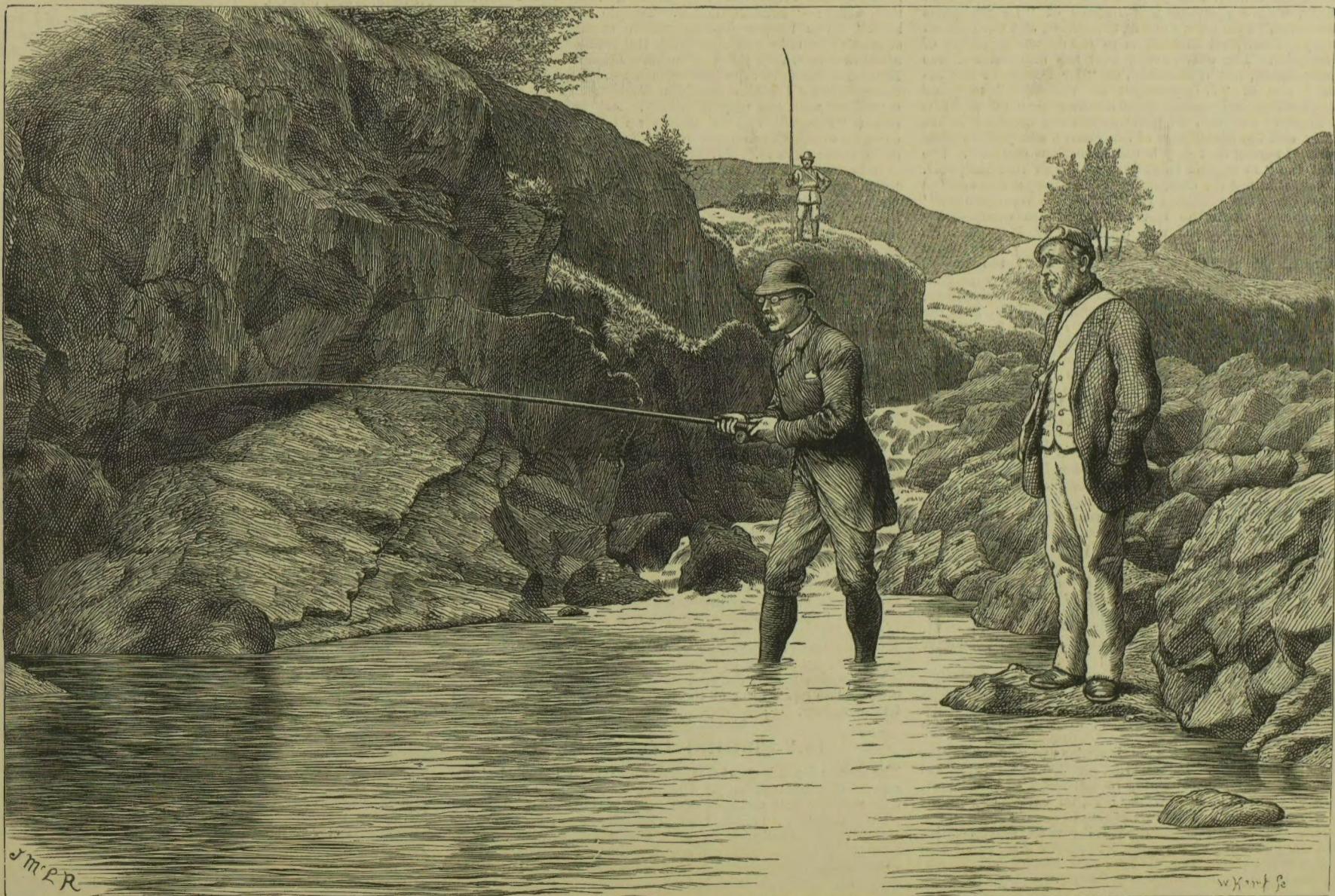


1. City of Candahar. 2. Position where General Roberts's force encamped on Aug. 31. 3. English Cemetery. 4. Villages used as British Cantonments. 5. British Cantonments. 6. Head-Quarters' Garden. 7. Engineer Garden. 8. Picket Hill. 9. Karez Hill. 10. Ruins of Old Candahar. 11. Fort. 12. Desert. 13. Herat Road. 14. Village of Sahibzada, taken by 92nd Highlanders and 2nd (P.W.O.) Goorkhas. 15. Villages, taken by 72nd Highlanders. 16. Position of some of Enemy's Guns. 17. Baba Wali Pass, and Battery of Enemy's Guns. 18. Argandab Valley. 19. Hill, called Bullock's Hump. 20. Position of Ayoub's Camp.

THE AFGHAN WAR: SCENE OF THE DEFEAT OF AYOUB KHAN BY GENERAL SIR F. ROBERTS, AT BABA WALI, NEAR CANDAHAR.
FROM A SKETCH BY SURGEON-MAJOR WOODFORDE-FINDEN.—SEE PAGE 424.



THE BASUTO WAR: DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS FROM CAPE TOWN.
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. DENNIS EDWARDS, CAPE TOWN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



SKETCHES IN BRAEMAR: FLY-FISHING ON THE CLUNY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 26.

The de Cissey scandal is still the topic of the day, and Madame Jung, Baroness de Kaulia, continues to occupy the attention of the newspapers and of the Boulevard. The wits are inexhaustible in their puns on General de Cissey's *Kauflaboration* in treason. After the revelations that were made in the Jung de Woestyne trial, General de Cissey very naturally demanded an official inquiry or a trial before a *Council de guerre*. This General Farre refused, and, it must be added, hardly anyone was found to approve his conduct. Thereupon General de Cissey, in accordance with the suggestion of the Minister of War, has asked redress of the civil tribunals, and brought an action for defamation of character against Rochefort's *Journal, l'Intransigeant*, against the *Petit Parisien*, and against the *Phare de la Loire*, which have been most bitter in their attacks upon him. On the other hand, it is understood that Madame Jung is about to bring actions against the newspapers that have calumniated her. Meanwhile, the *Gaulois*, which started the whole business, has appealed against the original judgment, and promises more piquant revelations when the case shall be tried on appeal next month. M. de Cissey has been interviewed, Madame de Kaulia has been interviewed, and their versions of the case have been reported in the newspapers. Yesterday, Edmond About stepped into the lists and gave his version of the story, the incidents of General de Cissey's dismissal from the Ministry of War in 1876, and the shameful traffic in army material which the Baroness de Kaulia was allowed to carry on to her own advantage, and the horror of those who were in the secret. In short, the scandal is becoming gigantic, and there is no foreseeing how wide a sweep it will still take.

And this, unfortunately, is not the only scandal of the hour. On Sunday, the director of the *Petit Parisien* had organised a meeting, at the Cirque Fernando, to summon the Government immediately to arrest "General Court de Cissey et la fille Kaulia," and try him before a competent jurisdiction. This meeting was authorised by the Ministry one day, and the next day the authorisation was withdrawn. Thereupon, anger of the press at the vacillating weakness of the Government.

In the meantime, M. Constance is expelling mendicant friars and contemplative monks from their monasteries, and when his Excellency goes to sup in a restaurant on the Boulevard in company with his friend Coquelin, of the *Comédie Française*, the guests ask in anything but a discreet whisper whether they, too, are to be "expelled;" whether the "lock-pickers" and "burglars" are about to try their skill upon them, until at last M. Constance finds it advisable to call for his bill and retire from a place where he meets with neither sympathy nor consideration. In Brittany the police officers resign rather than execute the decrees. All over France magistrates are resigning their office; the Jesuits and Capucins are protesting before the tribunals against the illegality of the Government; in the press the wordy warfare is deafening; Conservatives, Opportunists, Irreconcilables, Communists, are all howling against each other and against the Government, which seems to find no one to apologise for its weakness and hesitation. This wretched Cabinet will probably fall, pitifully, as soon as the Chambers meet on Nov. 9. Until then we may expect the din of controversy, indignation, and protestation to go on increasing. One of these days, perhaps, encouraged by *la Kaulia*, Bazaine will bring an action for damages against those writers who have dared to blame his conduct at Metz. *C'est à ne plus savoir où donner de la tête.*

The flood of politics, like the Seine, by-the-way, is rising so high that one can hardly escape from it for a moment. Nevertheless I must find room to say something about the Molière Jubilee, which began at the *Comédie Française* last Wednesday, before a choice audience composed of the notabilities of art, letters, and politics, and which will end, next Thursday, with a splendid performance of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," with Lulli's music, the ballets, and the Turkish ceremony. Nearly all Molière is in the current repertory of the *Comédie Française*. The only novelty that has been offered was the performance, last Wednesday, of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and of "L'Impromptu de Versailles," mounted with a splendour and archaeological accuracy which does credit to M. Perrin. Frankly, the performance was tiresome in the extreme; and the notabilities of art, letters, and politics make no secret of saying that they bored themselves mortally. The satire of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" has lost its point. Even were that not the case, owing to the irreparable outrage of Time, could the points of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" be appreciated when the box that had been occupied by Bourbons and Napoleons was occupied by *Monsieur Jules Grévy* (avocat) et sa dame? As for the "Impromptu de Versailles," it is pushing Moliéromania too far to unearth a production which corresponds, *ceteris paribus*, to a letter of rectification that Emile Augier, for instance, might send to the *Figaro*. Nobody understood it. Still the Molière Jubilee is a fine thing, and if Europe, in order to please the French and lend verity to their boasts, must envy France something, it is certainly the *Comédie Française*, where during 200 years worthy successors have been found of the actor Molière, of whom François Coppée truly says:—"Il a son temple, lui qui n'a pas de tombeau!" It is expected that Dumas's new piece will be produced at the *Comédie Française* next February. Paul Deroulède's piece, "La Moabite," has finally been refused at the *Comédie Française*, and the angry author intends to read it in Madame Adam's salon on the 31st. The piece, it may be remembered, was accepted by the committee of the *Comédie Française* eighteen months ago. The thesis maintained by M. Deroulède is that God must have an altar, and the altar a priest; the piece is, in short, an ardent pleading in favour of priests. As the scene takes place in Biblical times, this subject might be thought inoffensive enough, but the execution of the religious decrees has excited religious passions to such a degree that the administrator and the principal *sociétaires* of the *Comédie Française*, after consulting M. Jules Ferry, have decided not to play "La Moabite," and so M. Deroulède is left out in the cold, without redress, another victim of politics.

Garibaldi is expected to visit Paris in about a fortnight from to-day. He will be the guest of M. Henri Rochefort in his hotel in the Cité Malesherbes. He will be accompanied by his son-in-law, the deputy Canzio, his daughter, Teresita Canzio, and his two grandsons.

Félix Pyat has discovered an ingenious way of paying his debts to the Treasury. He has just recollect that 575f. are due to him for his pay as deputy at Bordeaux in 1871; and, secondly, that when, on Oct. 28, 1870, he denounced in his journal *Le Combat* the plan of Bazaine to deliver Metz to the Prussians, the *Journal Officiel* denied the news, and in consequence the right-thinking people, *les honnêtes gens*, burst into the office of his paper, assaulted his staff, and robbed the till. (Félix himself, was, as usual, not at hand while this scrimmage was going on). The amount taken out of his till was 5000f. The Treasury thus owes Félix Pyat 5575f., while he owes it

2000f., the amount of the fine to which he was condemned last week. There remains then a balance of 3575f., which M. Pyat begs the Minister of Finance to keep on account of future fines and penalties which he expects to incur. Here is excellent book-keeping indeed. Meanwhile the subscription for a pistol of honour to the regicide Berezowski is going on famously.

Rain! rain! Every day for the past week, except on Sunday, heavy rain has fallen in Paris. Yesterday a sharp frost blackened the few flowers and green leaves that yet remain in the public gardens.

It would hardly be possible for a week to pass here without a duel and the birth of a new journal. This week the journal is called *La Comédie-Française*, the first number of which is entirely without merit. The duels are two, one between two well-known clubmen, the other between M. Alfred Gassier and Don Miguel de Miramon. M. Gassier is the author of a play called "Juarez, ou la guerre de Mexique," which the Censorship refused to authorise because Bazaine was one of the personages who figured in it, and disturbances were to be feared. There was much talk about the piece a week ago, and now *La Lanterne* is publishing it as a feuilleton. In the play the late General Miramon is pourtrayed in colours that do not please his son, Don Miguel, who has entered an action for defamation against *La Lanterne* and against Larousse's dictionary, from which M. Gassier obtained his facts. The encounter took place this morning at Plessis-Piquet, and, after a desperate struggle, which lasted thirty-five minutes, Don Miguel de Miramon was wounded in the arm, and the seconds declared honour to have been satisfied.

Victor Hugo, who is now seventy-eight years of age, has just published a new poem, *L'Ane*, which closes the series in which the poet treats philosophical questions by means of satire and comedy. *L'Ane* takes the form of a dialogue between an ass and the philosopher Kant, during which all creation is passed in review. The admirers of Victor Hugo, altering slightly a line of *La Fontaine*, might say:—

Cette fois on criera bravo sur le baudet.

T. C.

THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL.

The completing, and uncovering to public view, of the monument erected by the Corporation of the City of London to mark the site of Temple Bar, having the grand New Law Courts building on one side of the street, and the handsome new front of Child's Bank on the other, will in a few days be accomplished; but there has been much controversy both with regard to the architectural effect and the convenience of street traffic. The height of this structure, which is the subject of our front-page illustration, is 34 ft. 6 in. from the pavement. The width is 5 ft. 2 in. at the base, in one direction, across the street, and 7 ft. 8 in. the other way. The pedestal is of polished granite, in which are cut two niches, containing marble statues of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. On each face of the pedestal are bas-reliefs in bronze, that on the west face bearing an ornamental scroll, with an inscription explaining the object of the Memorial; that on the east face being a representation of old Temple Bar; that on the south representing the Queen visiting the City in State after her Accession on Nov. 9, 1837, and receiving an address from the scholars of Christ's Hospital at St. Paul's Cathedral; while that on the north side is a commemoration of the Royal Procession to St. Paul's Cathedral on the Thanksgiving day for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his dangerous illness in February, 1872. The pilasters and entablature, as well as the pedestal of the bronze dragon, are in Craigleath stone, which is of a delicate grey, and selected to resist the action of our atmosphere. The niches and panels between the pilasters are of Ancaster cream-coloured stone—the panels carved in diaper pattern, with emblems of Art, Science, Peace, and War. In these panels are medallion likenesses, one being that of Sir Francis W. Truscott, the Lord Mayor. Around the frieze, between the architrave and cornice, runs the following inscription:—"MDCCCLXXX. Temple Bar formerly stood here." The bronze dragon which surmounts the whole supports the civic shield, around the foot of which floats a scroll inscribed with the City motto—*Domine Dirige Nos*. The Memorial stands in the centre of the roadway which connects the Strand with Fleet-street, the western face of the plinth coinciding with the City boundary. At each corner of the raised "refuge" will be placed an ornamental lamp, the columns of which are impressed with the City arms and other emblematic devices. Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, is to be credited with the entire design. The dragon is the work of Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., sculptor, but was cast by Mr. James Moore, of the firm of Drew and Co., Thames Ditton; the statues are by Mr. J. E. Boehm, A.R.A.; Mr. C. H. Mabey has executed the whole of the carving and the bas-reliefs on the east, west, and south sides; whilst that facing the north is by Mr. C. S. Kelsey; and the masonry of the structure is the work of Messrs. John Mowlem and Co. The cost will be £10,500, entirely defrayed by the City Corporation.

THE CAPETOWN VOLUNTEERS.

The Cape Colony having recently undertaken a war against the Basutos, the nation that inhabits the mountainous country east of the Orange River Free State, it was found requisite to call on a volunteer rifle corps at Capetown, the "Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles," to furnish three hundred men for six month's service. A correspondent, Mr. Dennis Edwards, of Capetown, has sent us two sketches, under date of Sept. 25, one representing the scene in front of the Townhall, when the men drawn by ballot appeared for medical examination; the other showing their embarkation for departure on board the steam-ship *Melrose*, belonging to Messrs. Donald Currie and Co.'s line, by which they were to be conveyed to East London. The command of this body of volunteers has, by the choice of the officers of the regiments, been conferred on Captain Whindus, who was at the time in England, but has been recalled by telegraph for the present service. Among the other officers balloted to serve are Captains Fforde, Searle, and Hardy, of Capetown; the two Majors of the regiment were not included in the ballot. The contingent arrived at East London on the 28th ult., and proceeded by railway to Queenstown, on its route to Aliwal North, which is near the frontier of Basutoland. It was preceded by an equal force of volunteers from Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown.

FLY-FISHING IN BRAEMAR.

The season for this sport has long since been closed, but our recent illustrations of the Braemar scenery may as well be accompanied with a sketch of the Cluny, that romantic stream which descends, below Loch Callater, by the forest of Ballochbuie, to fall into the river Dee nearly opposite Invercauld. It is a tempting place for the angler who sets his heart upon catching trout, and who has the skill and the patient diligence for that pursuit, so fascinating to its adept disciples. We learn from Mr. C. St. John that the best fly they can use in the Scottish Highlands is a small one made as

follows: the body, of yellow floss silk, with a bit of the feather of a landrail's wing; the head, made with a turn or two of red hackle. "In most waters," says he, "this fly succeeds." Our angling friends, who may possibly go northward for a few days' sport next year, will do well to make a note of this advice.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Dear Old Songs of Home" (song) and "A Farewell" (duet), by that prolific composer of vocal music Franz Abt, will be welcome to a large circle of drawing-room singers. Pleasing melody, lying within the most moderate compass of voice, and simple and appropriate accompaniments, characterise these pieces, which will be found generally available. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of a transcription of Handel's celebrated "Largo" for the piano-forte solo, by F. Lemoine; and "Les Chevaliers," a spirited military march, by J. Duval.

"Christmas Day," by Henry Holmes (Boosey and Co.). This sacred cantata, composed (to words by Keble) for soprano and tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra, has just been published in a cheap and handy form, in vocal score, with piano-forte accompaniment, thus rendering it available for performance by choral societies and in private circles. Of the work itself we spoke in reference to its first performance last month at the Gloucester Festival.

Messrs. Ricordi (of Regent-street) have recently issued several of the favourite pieces from Boito's "Mefistofele" in special editions, with English words in addition to the original Italian text. Of the very successful production of the work during Mr. Mapleson's past season at Her Majesty's Theatre we spoke at the time. These extracts from it comprise Faust's romanze in the first act and in the epilogue, Mephistopheles's ballade in the first act, his serenade in the scene of the classical Sabbath, and that (in the same act) for Helen and Pantalis, the fine quartet in the second act, the duet for Margaret and Faust in the third act, that for Helen and Faust in the fourth act, and Margaret's "Nenna" in the third act.

"Biblioteca del Pianista" is the title of a series of very cheap editions of piano-forte works by classical composers, published by Messrs. Ricordi, of Milan and London. The latest issue is the fourth and concluding part of a selection from Bach, comprising the "concerto in the Italian style," the "overture in the French style," and the "Eel-oh," from the "Partita," in B minor, the chromatic fantasia and fugue, the toccatas in F sharp minor and D minor, and the thirty variations on a theme in G major. The pieces are carefully edited, with fingering, by Edoardo Bix.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have recently issued a cheap and portable edition, in large octavo form, of Beethoven's ninth (choral) symphony, the gigantic work which concludes the series of his productions of this class, and stands alone in grandeur of conception as in plan and structure, including, as it does, a vocal setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." The edition now referred to is, we believe, the first of its kind, being not only a carefully executed arrangement of the orchestral score for piano-forte solo, but having the vocal parts of the finale printed above the piano-forte part, with the original German text and an English translation by Madame Macfarren; the instrumental version being by Mr. B. Tours. The publication is a welcome addition to the library of a musician. The same publishers have also brought out a second number of their "Pianoforte Albums," being a continuation of selections of pieces by Bach for piano solo, and comprising forty movements for the price of a shilling. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. have likewise published a sixth set of "Sixty Voluntaries for the Harmonium," a selection of short pieces well arranged for that instrument by Mr. J. W. Elliott.

"O babe, my son, my Saviour," is the favourite air from Mr. Henry Leslie's cantata, "The First Christmas Morn," which extract has been issued in a separate form by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

"A bonny, bonny bird," song by Mrs. Harvey, of Ickwell-Bury (J. B. Cramer and Co.), is very expressive in its melody, which is supported by an appropriate and well-written piano-forte accompaniment. The song requires but a moderate compass of voice, and demands appreciative feeling rather than technical skill for its effective rendering.

We have several times spoken of the very characteristic compositions of Heinrich Hofmann, instrumental and vocal, and have now further occasion to notice some of the former class—his Op. 52, consisting of six pieces for two performers on the piano-forte, under the general title of "The Trumpeter of Sacken," the movements being respectively headed "Young Werner's Arrival," "Gnomes," "Confession," "Separation," "In Rome," and "Happy Solution." Some lines prefixed to each give the outline of a romantic narrative which is musically illustrated with much success; the pieces being artistically written, pleasing in style, and full of varied character. Messrs. Neumeyer are the publishers; as likewise of a "Gavotte" for piano-forte solo by Sir Julius Benedict, in which the style of the old dance form is well preserved amid some features of more modern treatment.

That clever pianist Miss Lillie Albrecht has frequently proved that she can compose for, as well as perform on, her instrument. Her "Idylle" entitled "Amour Inquiet" (published by Duncan Davison and Co.), is a very pleasing and melodious piece, in which the left hand is of prominent importance, forming a good study for *legato* playing.

"The Little Blacksmith" and "His Sweetheart's Face," both by Helen Maxwell, are two characteristic songs, with a well-marked melody lying within a moderate compass of voice; and the same may be said of Mr. Cotsford Dick's song, "Good-bye," which is also published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart; as is "Solitude," a pleasing "Nocturne" for the piano-forte, by C. Oberthür.

"A. De Lorme's "A B C Instruction-Book for the Piano-forte" (Duff and Stewart) is a comprehensive and inexpensive method of learning the instrument. A description of the keyboard, the rudiments of music, scales, exercises, and arrangements make up a good four-shillings' worth.

A work similar in design and merit is "The Imperial Tutor," by Carlo Tiesset (Wood and Co.), which is published in sections.

W. Smallwood's "Operatic Duets," for the piano-forte (B. Williams and Co.), consist of easy arrangements of popular extracts from well-known operas, calculated to interest juvenile pupils. Rather more elaborate—although not difficult—are "The Exile" (Romance), and "Allegro Scherzo" for the piano-forte solo, by W. Porter; also published by Messrs. B. Williams and Co., as are different arrangements of Mr. Adam Wright's spirited "Festal March"—for piano solo, harmonium (or American organ), and organ with pedal obbligato.

Sir Rupert Kettle distributed the prizes last week to the students of the science classes in connection with the free library at Wolverhampton.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Everybody should go to see Mr. Dion Boucicault's sparkling drama in four acts, "The O'Dowd," at the Adelphi Theatre—first, because the piece comprises some very bustling and picturesque scenes; next, because those scenes give ample scope for some very good acting by Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Edward Compton, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Gregory, Mr. R. Pateman, Miss Pateman, Miss Lydia Foote, and Miss Le Thiere; next, because the drama is provided with some capital scenery, and is most graphically and tastefully put on the stage; and, finally, because of the consummately artistic impersonation of the part of The O'Dowd by Mr. Dion Boucicault himself. The O'Dowd, in the hands of this accomplished comedian and versatile although uncertain and unequal dramatist, is neither a "spal-peen" nor a "gosssoon"—neither a White Boy, a Peep o' Day Boy, a Thresher, a Defender, a Rapparee, a Fenian, nor a member of the Ribbon Society; although, from his undisguised expressions of opinion respecting fixity of tenure and the farmer's right to the fee simple of the soil which he cultivates, he might be an active member of the Irish Land League. But The O'Dowd is, above all things, an Irish "Squireen," a simple-minded, kind-hearted, untutored, but shrewd Galway peasant, who began life as a pilot, and was afterwards a fish salesman, and has, by unfiring thrift and industry, acquired a "bit o' land"—that is to say, real estate to the value of some twenty thousand pounds. Believing himself to be the lineal representative of an ancient Irish sept, the enriched fish salesman dubs himself "The" O'Dowd, even as did the less pecuniarily favoured "Mulligan" before him, and is revered by his neighbours accordingly.

Determined to make a "gentleman" of his only son Mike, he sends the lad (who has passed his boyhood on board a pilot-boat) to Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards to London, there to "hold his head up among the Quality" on a handsome allowance of four hundred a year. The young gentleman obtains admission into fashionable society through his talents as a poet; and it has occurred to him to sign his first-published poetical contributions with the name of a deceased friend, one Mr. Percy Walsingham, who had been his chum at college. Not content, however, with borrowing this *nom de plume*, young Mr. Mike O'Dowd, finding an allowance of four hundred per annum insufficient for the maintenance of his position among the "Quality," imprudently assumes the individuality of the dead Mr. Walsingham; and, on the strength of his representations that he is the direct heir to large estates in Ireland, he borrows a sum of no less than twenty thousand pounds from a firm of money-lenders, giving them bills or bonds in the name of Mr. Walsingham, deceased. The absurdity of any money-lender with a head upon his shoulders advancing so much as five hundred pounds to a young prodigal without first satisfying himself thoroughly as to where the estates were situated, and who was the next heir to them, is too glaring to need discussion.

The money-lender Chomley finds out, principally through the garrulity of The O'Dowd, who, with his niece, Kitty M'Coul, has paid an unexpected visit to Mike at his chambers on the Thames Embankment, that he has been grossly duped and swindled. He and his confidential clerk, Chalker, follow the O'Dowds, father and son, to Ireland; and, after the hurry-skurry of the episode of a contested election (which is dragged by the head and shoulders into the piece, hinders its action, and, on the first night of performance, exasperated the audience by its tedious and tasteless political verbiage), bring the O'Dowds to close quarters, and prove to the unhappy father that his son is a forger, a swindler, and a thief. To save Mike from immediate arrest and penal servitude in the background, the O'Dowd surrenders the whole of his estate to the money-lender (who gets no more than what he is entitled to); the scampish Mike, accompanied by a friend, who steadfastly adheres to him in his fallen fortunes, departs for Arizona to begin the world again; and the crushed and stricken down O'Dowd is fain to trundle a fish salesman's barrow once more for a livelihood. He has had a slight paralytic stroke in Act the Third; and in Act the Fourth he is exhibited as suffering from partial imbecility and total loss of memory. Stage cures of the acutest maladies are, however, so rapid that they might astound Sir Henry Thompson, and cause Dr. Benjamin Richardson's hair to stand on end with admiration; and in the last Act, where, after an exciting narrative of a happily-averted shipwreck, the repentant Mike and his devoted friend Bertie Talboys come back from Arizona with large fortunes, enhanced by the salvage money which will accrue through the skill with which Mike's early experience as a pilot has enabled him to steer a storm-beaten ship through a secret passage (pronounced "sacred," and awaking incongruous reminiscences of the Via Sacra), the O'Dowd recovers his reason, his memory, and the full use of his limbs; and it is only to be regretted that he does not dance a concluding jig of convalescence when the curtain falls upon the happiness of all the characters—for Mr. Chomley, it is to be hoped, on giving the estate, will be repaid the twenty thousand pounds, out of which he has been cheated by Mr. Mike O'Dowd, alias Walsingham.

The thorough and hopeless confusion into which Mr. Dion Boucicault's notions of ethics appear to have fallen is shown by the fact that he throughout endeavours to enlist the sympathies of the audience in favour of the contemptible and fraudulent Mike, and that, in the last Act, he holds up to obloquy and execration the unhappy money-lender, Chomley, who chooses to reside on the estate abandoned to him by the O'Dowd, and who is laid under an interdict by the O'Dowd's indignant neighbours. The market people will not sell him any fish; the butcher scornfully declines to let him have any meat; the baker refuses to let him have any bread; a beggar-child tramples on the twopence which he gives her; and but for the contemptuous compassion of Kitty M'Coul, the unhappy money-lender and his man Chalker would starve. This apparent inability to discriminate between right and wrong might make "The O'Dowd" a very mischievous production were it a powerful play. But it is not a powerful play. It is only a very amusing one; in parts it is as entertaining as "Punch and Judy," and the ethics of "Punch" as a street drama are simply detestable. At the Adelphi one is content to dismiss "The O'Dowd" as a drama as one of Mr. Boucicault's merry little jokes. It is not a new play, having been performed in the United States under the title of "Daddy O'Dowd"; and the frequent recurrence of such Transatlantic expressions as "roomed," "a fraud," "a fashionable tramp"—a tramp in America is quite a different personage from the hereditary English vagrant—and "dead beat," and so forth, have a distinct flavour of American soil. Nor can "The O'Dowd" be strictly called an original play. The leading factor in the plot—the sacrifice of the devoted father to save the honour of his prodigal son—is borrowed from a French piece called "Les Crochets du Père Martin," adapted to the English stage by the late Mr. John Oxenford as "The Porter's Knot." All this, I take it, does not in the least matter. The public should flock to the Adelphi to see and to admire Mr. Boucicault's wondrous impersonation of Irish character, and to mark with applause how chivalrously Mr. Henry Neville bears himself

under the weight of an essentially repulsive and contemptible part, and with winning grace and amenity Miss Pateman makes quite a new departure in her art by her assumption of the rôle of a somewhat eccentric but fascinating lady of fashion, Lady Rose Lawless. Mr. E. Compton also was quiet and unobtrusive as Bertie Talboys,

At the Gaiety—which was crammed to the ceiling—was produced on Monday a burlesque extravaganza by Mr. Burnand and Mr. Stephens, called "The Corsican Brothers and Co., Limited." It was not intended, I suppose, by the authors that this droll interlude should be looked upon as anything beyond a rampant piece of absurdity; and from the absurd point of view it does not fall far short of perfection. It is most commendably short; indeed, with a little more closeness of action, it might be played in forty minutes, and it may not have taken Messrs. Burnand and Stevens more than forty minutes to write it. It is a kind of omelette aux fines herbes. The herbs are very fine. Crack your eggs; grease your pan; pop in your yolks; ply your fork; fold your omelette; and dexterously tilt out on to a Gaiety plate. *Servez chaud!* The dialogue is smart and rattling; the jests and gibes are frequent and pungent; and the fooling is altogether devoid of effusive slanguishness and vulgarity. Miss Nellie Farren, who played Château Renaud, looked, acted, danced, and sang delightfully; but she happily refrained from telling us, in coarse doggerel, how "Noah hung out in the Ark." Miss Kate Vaughan made a very sympathetic Emilie de Lesparre; and Mr. Royce presented before an audience, that knew no surcease in its shrieks of merriment, a most grotesque, but wholly good-natured and artistic, travesty of the dress, mien, and diction of Mr. Henry Irving in the twin characters of Fabien and Louis de' Franchi. There are caricatures and caricatures. When Madame Ristori went to the Olympia to see Robson in the burlesque of her own Medea, the illustrious *tragédienne*, in sheer wonder and admiration, exclaimed "Uomo straordinario!" I scarcely think that Mr. Henry Irving would be very angry, when an afternoon performance is given of "The Corsican Brothers and Co., Limited," at seeing himself reflected in Mr. Royce's harmlessly distorting mirror.

G. A. S.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The opening of the autumn and winter season of Italian Opera was recorded by us last week. Since the performances then referred to, new appearances have been made by Mdlle. Julie de Bressolles and Mdlle. Rosina Isidor. The first-named lady, as Amina, in "La Sonnambula," was moderately well received, having failed to make any appreciable impression except in the second finale (the sleep-walking scene), in which she sang with considerable effect. In the final bravura aria, "Ah! non giunge," she was deficient in vocal power and executive skill; but her energies were possibly repressed by the influence of cold and nervousness. Signor Cantoni, as Elvino, gave the scena, "Tutto è sciolto," with much success, and altogether appeared to more advantage in this character than as Fernando in "La Favorita," in which he made his débüt last week. Other features in the performance of "La Sonnambula" call for no specific mention.

On Thursday week "La Favorita" was repeated, "Carmen" was given on the following evening, and on Saturday Mdlle. Isidor made a very successful first (stage) appearance here as the heroine in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." The lady had before been heard in London concert performances, in which, although favourably received, she did not make so great an impression as on Saturday last. Her voice is a soprano, of extensive compass, bright and agreeable in quality, and truthful in intonation. Her sostenuto is excellent, and her execution brilliant and facile—one or two exceptions having been her over-elaborate use of the extreme high notes. Her reception throughout the opera was highly favourable, her delivery of the final "scena, del Delirio," having elicited an enthusiastic demonstration. Signor Vizzani as Edgardo sang and acted with great effect; Signor Quintilli-Leoni as Enrico was earnest but ponderous, and, in vocalisation, excessively tremulous. The cast was completed by Mdlle. Barnadelli, and Signori Z. Conti, Ghilberti, and Bertocchi, in subordinate characters.

On Monday "La Favorita" was given again; and on Tuesday, Mdlle. Lorenzini Gianoli made her first appearance in England, as Norma—with so small an amount of success that we prefer waiting another opportunity for judging her powers. Mdlle. Bauermeister sang the important music of Adalgisa with especial effect, and Signor Antonucci gave that of Oroveso impressively. Signor Vizzani, as Polione, was not at his best. He, and the prima donna, appeared to be disadvantageously influenced by the weather.

Of the promised débüt of Mdlle. Elisa Widmar as Margherita, in "Faust," we must speak next week.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Last Saturday's concert was rendered special by the production of two orchestral pieces for the first time there—Schubert's overture to his romantic opera, "Des Teufel's Lustschloss," and the third orchestral Suite by the late Georges Bizet. The overture is one of the many specimens of Schubert's precocious powers, having been composed when he was about seventeen. It is full of interest, and is constructed with a clearness and coherence, and instrumented with a mastery over orchestral effects, that are remarkable in the production of a youth.

The "Suite" is entitled "Roma" in its published shape, the author's endorsement on a manuscript copy having classed it as his "Symphonie Première." It consists of four divisions—"Andante tranquillo," "Allegro vivace," "Andante molto," and "Allegro vivacissimo"—each full of musical interest and individuality of character, with much elaborate and masterly instrumentation. The most effective portions were the "Allegro vivace" (a well-sustained "Scherzo"), and the finale, in which carnival revelry is suggested in some extremely animated and characteristic writing. The work was thoroughly appreciated, much applause having followed each movement, especially the "Allegro Vivace," and still more after the finale.

Mr. Sutton—the young violinist (pupil of M. Sainton) who made so favourable an impression at the recent Gloucester Festival—played the first movement of Vieuxtemps' concerto in A with much skilful execution, but with some want of the necessary power of tone and force of style.

Mr. Sunley sang, with much effect, the couplets, "Si les filles d'Arles," (from Gounod's "Mircille"), the romance, "L'Adieu," attributed to Schubert (but said not to be by him); and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's song, "Thou'rt Passing Hence." The concert also comprised Herr Hellmesberger's clever adaptation of an air from Handel's "Alcina," for stringed instruments, organ, and harp; and the "Scherzo," "Notturno," and "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The previous concert included Mr. Oscar Beringer's bril-

liant performance of a cleverly-written "Andante and Presto Agitato" for pianoforte (with orchestra) of his own composition. This accomplished pianist also played, with much effect, Chopin's "Allégo de Concert," as adapted with orchestral accompaniments by M. Nicodé. The orchestral performances included the bright and characteristic "Carnival in Paris," by the Norwegian composer Johann Svendsen; and Mdlle. Louisa Pyk sang, with much success, the scena from "Der Freischütz," an expressive "Ave Maria" by Verdi (for the first time in England), and some Swedish national melodies.

The Covent Garden Promenade concert of Wednesday week included an excellent performance of "Roma," the orchestral suite by the late Georges Bizet, referred to in the preceding notice of the Crystal Palace. The performance of Wednesday had been carefully prepared by Mr. Weist Hill, by whom it and other portions of the classical programme (including Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony) were ably conducted. On the same occasion Madame Montigny-Rémaury gave brilliant performances of Mendelssohn's "Capriccio," for pianoforte (with orchestral accompaniments), and Thalberg's second fantasia, on themes from "Don Giovanni," and vocal pieces were contributed by Mesdames Zimeri, and Madame Cummings, Mdlle. Enequist, and Messrs. W. H. Woodfield and H. Cross.

Mr. Walter Bache's ninth annual pianoforte recital takes place on Monday afternoon at St. James's Hall.

The forty-ninth season of the Sacred Harmonic Society will open on Dec. 3, at St. James's Hall, where the concerts will in future be given, instead of at Exeter Hall, with which they have been associated for many years. The number of performers will be reduced—doubtless with advantage—from the 700 of past seasons. The programme of the opening night will comprise Beethoven's Mass in C, Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," and the fragments of his unfinished oratorio "Christus." The Christmas performance of "The Messiah" will take place on Dec. 17. During the season, the following works will be given:—Handel's coronation anthem, "The King shall rejoice," and his oratorio "Samson;" Mendelssohn's music to "Athalia," his "Lobgesang" ("Hymn of Praise"), and his "Elijah;" Cherubini's "Requiem," Sir J. Benedict's "Legend of St. Cecilia," Sir M. Costa's "Naaman;" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and "Moses in Egypt." The solo vocalists already engaged are Mesdames Lenmien-Sherrington and Osgood, Misses A. Williams, C. Penna, Marriott, Enequist, and Jones, Mesdames Patey, Enriquez, Hancock, and Orridge; Messrs. V. Rigby, E. Lloyd, Maas, Cummings, Wells, Santley, Bridson, King, Hilton, and C. Henry. Mr. Willing will continue to act as organist, and Sir M. Costa will fulfil the duties of conductor, as during thirty-three years of the past existence of the society.

HOME NEWS.

Lady Burdett-Coutts will be presented with the freedom of the Haberdashers' Company on Nov. 1.

Two beautiful young Polar bears have just arrived at the Zoological Society's Gardens.

Dr. Carpenter gave last Saturday at the Working Men's College his second lecture on "Human Automatism."

The Duke of Portland, the Earl of Durham, the Earl of Northbrook, and the Marquis of Hartington, have been elected life governors of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

A new park, consisting of sixteen acres of land, presented to the town by the Earl of Stamford, was opened at Altringham last Saturday.

Mr. David Whittingham, solicitor, of Nottingham, has been elected Coroner for the Nottingham district of the county, in place of the late Mr. D. W. Heath.

The Fishmongers' Company have granted £100 towards the general expenses of the East Anglian Fisheries Exhibition, and the free use of their hall for holding meetings.

Owing to the death of her youngest son, the Lady Mayoress Elect (Mrs. Alexander M'Arthur) will be prevented from taking any part in the ceremonial of Lord Mayor's Day or at the banquet in the evening.

Major H. Daniell, Divisional Superintendent of Police at Poona, has been chosen Chief Constable of Hertfordshire, in room of the late Colonel Robertson. There were sixty-seven candidates for the office.

A scheme for bringing Liverpool into direct communication with the east coast is about to be carried out by the Midland Railway Company. It embraces a new line from Hawes through Swaledale to Hartlepool.

The Duke of Cambridge, as colonel-in-chief of the Royal Artillery, has approved of a regimental memorial being erected by the officers to their comrades of all ranks who have fallen in the recent campaigns in Afghanistan and South Africa,

The Leicester Corporation are at present engaged in carrying out flood works at a cost of over £30,000, and on Tuesday approved a further scheme, designed by Mr. Hawkesley, for the widening and deepening of the river Soar, at an additional outlay of £80,000.

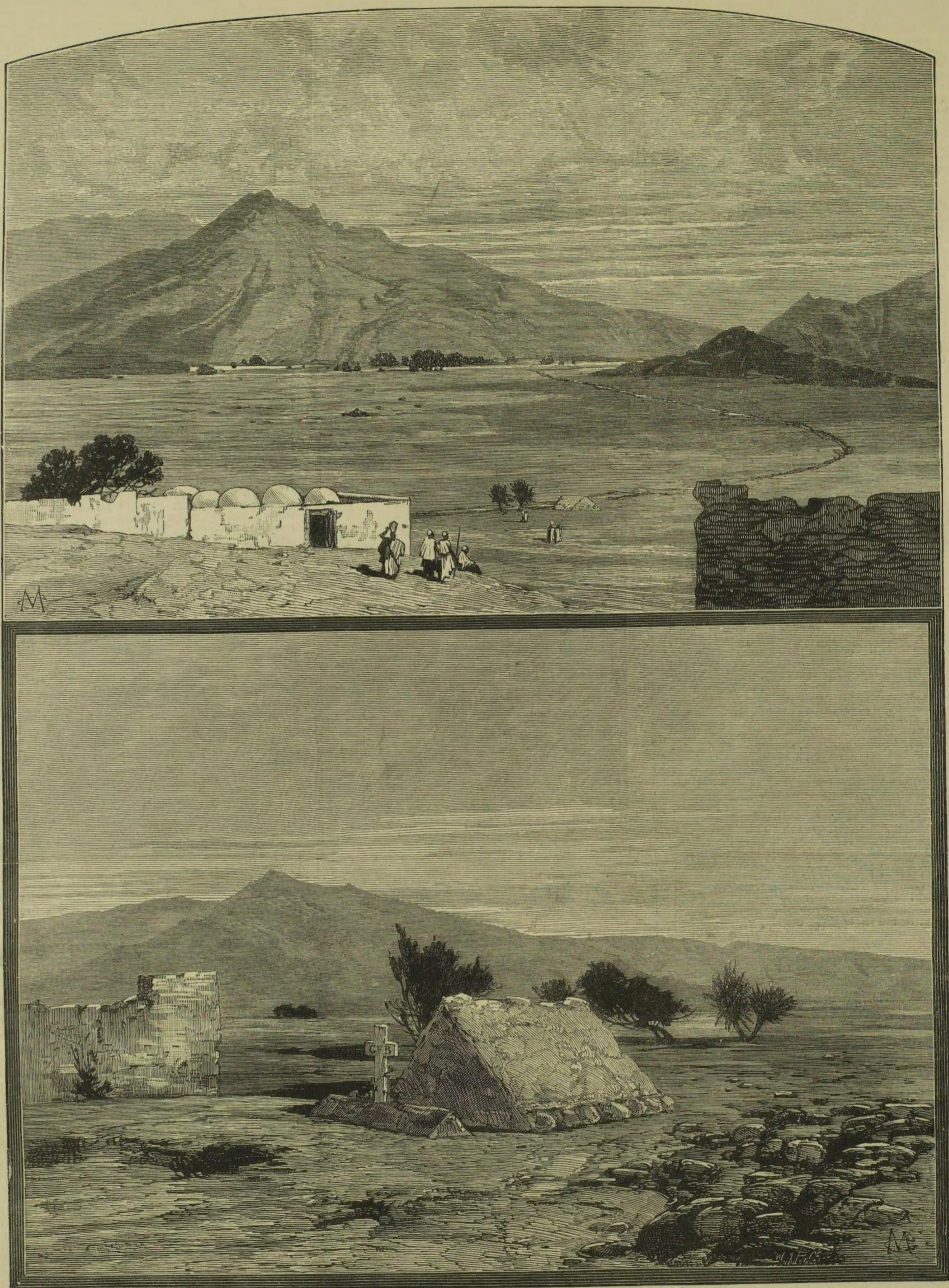
The Ramsay life-boat of the National Life-Boat Institution on Tuesday went to the assistance of the brigantine Victoire, of Irvine, which was in distress about three miles eastward of Ramsay, and succeeded in bringing her into the harbour, with her crew of five men, in safety.

Mr. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society, lectured on "Polarised Light," at Trinity College, London, on the 21st inst. The lecturer, who said he fortunately had in his possession instruments unparalleled in the world, exhibited on the screen several new and striking experiments.

The weekly return of metropolitan pauperism shows that the total number of paupers on the last day of the third week in October was 85,397, of whom 48,507 were in workhouses, and 36,890 received outdoor relief. Compared with the corresponding week in 1879, these figures show an increase of 2213. The number of vagrants relieved on the last day of the week was 945, of whom 676 were men, 219 women, and 50 children.

The London School Board, at their weekly meeting on the 21st inst., filled up the vacancies in the representation of Marylebone and Lambeth, caused by the death of Mr. Watson and the disqualification of Mr. Wylie, by electing respectively Dr. Richardson and Mr. Kemp-Welch. The latter gentleman was a member of the old Board. A report from the Bye-laws Committee gave rise to a debate on the question of compulsory education and the proceedings recently taken at the police courts against poor people.

The formal dedication of Rugby, the English colony, which Mr. T. Hughes, Q.C., and other gentlemen and ladies have gone out to Tennessee to establish, took place on the 5th inst. There was a large attendance. The ceremonies were opened by an impressive religious service, conducted by Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee. A poem was read by Miss L. Virginia French, and addresses were afterwards made by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Cyrus Clark, manager of the colony; Judge Temple, of Knoxville, and others.



THE AFGHAN WAR: BATTLE-FIELD OF MAIWAND, AND GRAVES OF MAJOR BLACKWOOD, R.H.A., AND MEN OF THE 66TH REGIMENT.
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN J. R. SLADE, R.H.A.

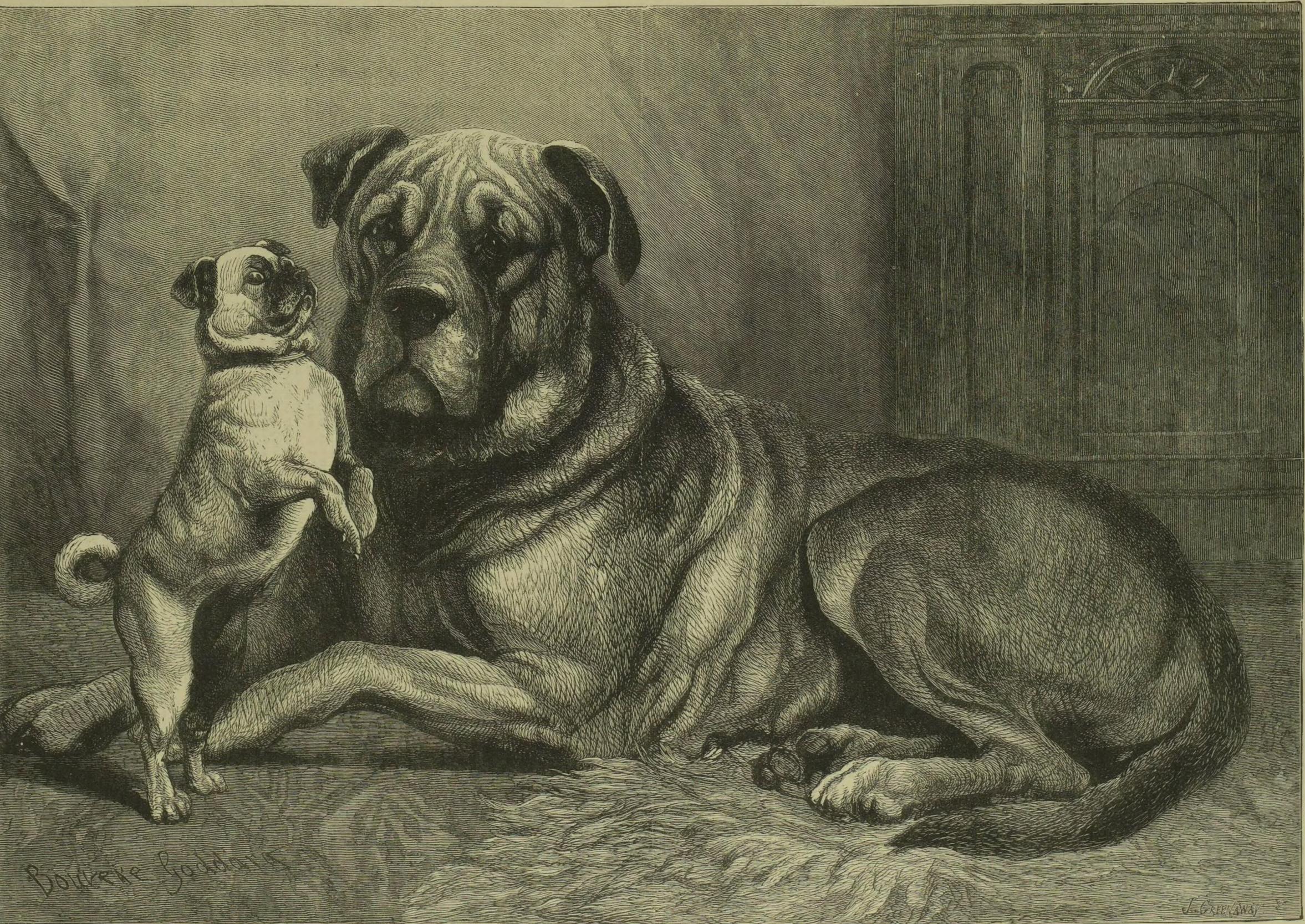
BATTLE-FIELDS OF AFGHANISTAN.

The disastrous engagement of July 27, between Khushk-i-Nakhud and Maiwand, about forty miles west of Candahar towards the river Helmund, where Brigadier-General Burrows suffered a defeat, with terrible loss, from the Herat Afghan army under Ayoub Khan, is not easily to be forgotten. In addition to the account of this action which was given by official despatches, the *Times* of the 16th inst. contained a letter from its own correspondent, dated Candahar, Sept. 8, describing the whole affair, of which he was personally a witness; and we have now received from one of the officers engaged, Captain J. R. Slade, of the Royal Horse Artillery, two sketches belonging to this subject. It is from the *Times*' correspondent above mentioned that we learn how gallantly Captain Slade, when he succeeded Major G. F. Blackwood in

command of the guns, persisted in "doing all that man could do to cover the retreat of the beaten infantry and baggage," and in keeping back the enemy from pursuit of them; while currying off, upon his guns, many of our wounded men and officers, and finding water to assuage their thirst. After the relief of Candahar by General Sir F. Roberts, early in September, a party of the survivors of the action at Maiwand was sent to that place, Captain Slade being with them, to assist in identifying the bodies of their fallen comrades, and in giving them decent burial. His communication to us, dated Maiwand, Sept. 19, merely furnishes a sketch of the field of battle, showing the position of the opposing troops; and a second one, representing the burial-place of our own dead. There is, he says, "a large grave, containing about forty bodies of the gallant 66th, covered with large stones; and a smaller grave, with a little wooden cross, bearing the initials

G. F. B., denoting the resting-place of the late Major G. F. Blackwood, R.H.A., who commanded the E. Battery, B. Brigade, of the Royal Horse Artillery, and whose body was one of the last found in the open plain on our line of retreat." It appears, however, from the narrative of the *Times*' correspondent, that Major Blackwood was wounded early in the action, and was obliged to leave his guns in charge of Captain Slade, while he went to get his wounds dressed; but he was afterwards overtaken and cut off in the general retreat of the British force. Captain Slade observes, "There is every hope that these graves may be allowed to remain intact and undesecrated, as those of our poor men who fell in 1842 were all found in a very good state of preservation."

The defeat of Ayoub Khan, and dispersion of his army, by General Sir F. Roberts, on Sept. 1, at Baba Wali, near Candahar, has also been fully described by several newspaper



COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

correspondents. We are indebted to Surgeon-General Wood-forde-Finden (2nd Prince of Wales's Own Goorkhas), of the Bengal Army Medical Department, for an excellent sketch of the entire battle-field. It extends from the city of Candahar, shown at the extreme left, with the suburban villages and British cantonments, to the Baba Wali Pass, and to the opening, near the village of Mazra, into the Argandab Valley, with the position there occupied by Ayoub Khan that day, which is indicated at the right hand of this view. The enemy were behind several of those rugged hills, which form a broken and interrupted range, stretching in a north-easterly direction, and separating the Argandab Valley from the plain north of Candahar. General Roberts threatened the enemy with an attack by way of the Baba Wali Pass, with the troops of the Candahar garrison; but his real attack, with two brigades he had led from Cabul, under Generals Macgregor and Macpherson, with General Hugh Gough commanding the cavalry, was by the village of Pir Paimal, to the south of Ayoub Khan's position. This would lie in the background, near the centre of the view presented in our Engraving. There are several villages between the hills noted as having been taken by the 92nd and 72nd Highlanders, leading the two Brigades, and supported by the 2nd Goorkhas, 23rd Pioneers, and 24th Punjaub Native Infantry, in the 1st Brigade; and, in the 2nd Brigade, by the 2nd Sikhs, 5th Goorkhas, and 3rd Sikhs, which composed the better part of the forces brought from Cabul. The victory of General Roberts was most complete and decisive, at once breaking up the force of Ayoub Khan, who fled in great haste to his own country of Herat, leaving the whole province of Candahar entirely subject to British authority.

"COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS."

The late Sir Edwin Landseer, who may be called the Shakespeare of animal-painters, often exerted his genius in the dramatic presentation of two or more dogs with such distinct individuality of character that they must be recognised as persons, apparently holding the same kind of moral and social relations to one another as we see among different characters and classes of mankind. It is a fine species of comedy, a gentle satire on the pride of our race, and on its assumed exclusive monopoly of the faculties of intelligence and of self-respecting practical deliberation and conduct. This is set forth in such pictures as "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander and Diogenes," and others to be admired in the National Collection, or in many published engravings. There is a touch of this kind of ironical humour, which has, indeed, been indulged by many writers, as well as by many artists, from Aesop to those of our own day, in the drawing that appears on a page of the sheet now beneath the eyes of our present reader. Mr. Goddard has also obtained, by sympathetic observation of their manners, such an intimate knowledge of the temper and disposition of varieties of the canine race, that he is able to discern in them, and to show us in his portraiture of them, dramatic expressions of character, the more strongly marked in juxtaposition with each other. His idea of a pert little pug-dog, giving itself airs upon the consciousness that the shape of its muzzle bears a certain queer resemblance to that of a majestic mastiff, and posing in a ridiculous stuck-up attitude for the purpose of being viewed in this comparison, will not fail to be understood; and the notion is certainly amusing.

VOLUNTEERS.

On Monday the annual competition between selected shots from the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles for a silver cup presented by the Lieutenant-Colonel, the Earl of Guilford, and two similar prizes offered by Major-General the Marquis Conyngham, took place at Bridge, near Canterbury. There were four ties for the first-named prize, which was awarded to Quartermaster Wood, he having made the highest score at the longest range. The other cups were won by Sergeant C. and E. Kelcey, whose scores were equal, and exceeded by fifteen those which were the next highest. The Marquis Conyngham's prizes were competed for on the Loyd-Lindsay principle, by half sections, at two ranges.

Lord Morley, the Under-Secretary for War, yesterday week presented the prizes to the Exeter Rifle Volunteers, and, in doing so, referred at length to the rise and successes of the volunteer movement. He believed that the system carried many benefits into the social life of the people which were quite apart from the appreciable services directly rendered to the country.

The match between twelve of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, under Lieutenant Crutchley, their musketry instructor, and twelve volunteers of the London Rifle Brigade, under Earl Waldegrave, came off yesterday week at the Rainham ranges. At 200 and 500 yards the volunteers made the highest scores, but at 600 yards the regulars scored 314 as against 286 by their competitors, and won the match by 16 points, with an aggregate score of 988.

The annual distribution of prizes to the members of the First East York (Hull) Rifle Volunteers took place at the Londesborough Barracks yesterday week night. There was a brilliant assemblage of ladies. Amongst those on the platform were Lord Londesborough (hon. colonel of the corps) and Lady Londesborough. Lieutenant-Colonel Longstaff, who had been a member of the corps for twenty years, having risen from a private to the command of the regiment, was presented with a handsomely illuminated and framed copy of the regimental order issued by Major Goddard on the occasion of Lieutenant-Colonel Longstaff's retirement.

Major-General Gordon Cameron, C.B., has accepted the honorary colonelcy of the West Middlesex Rifles, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Mears.

The largest muster of Volunteers ever witnessed in the metropolis is arranged to be held to-day (Saturday) to commemorate the attainment by the organisation of its majority. Since July last there have been displays in various parts of the country to celebrate the majority, but, with the exception of that fixed for to-day, nothing of the kind has been attempted in the metropolis. It is proposed to have a march, the starting-point being the head-quarters of the 1st Surrey (South London) Rifles, the oldest Volunteer corps with one exception in London and neighbourhood. If, as is expected, the whole of the corps in the district attend, there will be nearly 4000 of all arms present.

The Metropolitan Board of Works has resolved, on the recommendation of the Bridges Committee, that the new bridge at Battersea shall be built on a site as near as possible to that of the existing structure, at a cost of £220,000; and that the new bridge at Putney shall be built parallel to the Aqueduct, at a cost of £376,000.—The Board has resolved not to prepare any additional schemes under the Artisans' Dwellings Act until they have had an opportunity of recommending to the Home Secretary such amendments of the Act as appear to be necessary.

THE RECESS.

"Confound their politics!" With this Masonic injunction looming before them, the illustrious and distinguished Freemasons who on Monday night gathered at the hospitable board of the Lord Mayor of London naturally said naught that calls for anything but casual comment in this column. The memorable banquet was a remarkable social event purely. Rising to respond to the toast of the health of the Grand Master, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (near whom sat the Duke of Connaught and Prince John of Glucksburg) seized the opportunity to give a flourishing report of the condition of the Craft, dwelt on the facts that there are now 1900 lodges "under the Grand Roll of England," that 10,000 Freemasons join these lodges each year, and that £40,000 per annum is subscribed for the support of the Masonic charities. The Prince, in referring gracefully to the presence of a relative of the Princess of Wales, added, "I shall always look upon my connection with Freemasonry as being a binding link between Sweden, Denmark, and England."

"The Old, Old Story" was sung immediately after the Prince's Masonic speech. But it was an "Old, Old Story" of a very different nature that the Marquis of Salisbury reverted to the following evening in Taunton. The noble Marquis, present at a luncheon given by Canon Woodard in the morning to celebrate the opening of a sixth public school in connection with St. Nicholas College, Lancing, seasonably dwelt on the urgent need of increasing facilities for middle-class education. In parenthesis, it may be stated that Lord Salisbury does not confine himself to words in supporting this opinion: Canon Woodard disclosed that his Lordship is wont to subscribe £1000 now and again to the funds of these excellent schools. That the ex-Foreign Secretary is not a whit less keen in controversial argument than he was as Lord Cranbourne, was quickly shown at the Taunton banquet in his honour on Tuesday evening. His vigorous speech bristled with caustic points against the Government—not new, but telling, as freshly sharpened. At the outset, his Lordship contended that the House of Lords had the sanction of the country in its opposition to a measure that came up from the Commons last Session. Then he advanced the opinion that the light of Parliament ought at this juncture to be thrown upon "the dark and stormy condition of affairs," Particularly severe against the concerted action of the European Fleet to coerce Turkey, he held up to ridicule the notion that orders should have been given "that the crews of those ships should never land, and the guns which those ships carried should never fire." Fresh laughter came when he remarked, "They might for all practical purposes have just as well sent six washing-tubs with flags attached to them." Characterising this as "Chinese energy," he went on to contend that, as Signatories to the Treaty of Berlin, we were bound to exhaust every diplomatic means of securing the fulfilment of its decrees; but ladled out some of his most pungent irony on the devoted heads of the Montenegrins and Greeks with the view of showing they were utterly undeserving of interference by force of arms to enlarge their territories. His Lordship maintained that Lord Beaconsfield at Berlin carefully guarded against any such contingency as forcing Turkey to transfer portions of Thessaly and Epirus to Greece. To do so, in fact, would be "as wholly indefensible as would be the transfer of Liège to France or Trieste to Italy." If it was said, "Greece ought to be paid for her extreme goodness and morality in not attacking Turkey when she was down," why, then Lord Salisbury said, "I shall expect that whenever Ireland is pacified, if ever that should happen, those tenants who forbore to shoot their landlords will come forward and ask for compensation." Coming to the unfortunate state of affairs in the sister-isle, he had a bolt ready forged to discharge at the Government on that score:—

It is, indeed, a melancholy satire upon all our recent enthusiasm for the good government of Turkey that we should have in the West of Ireland a state of things of which the Sultan himself would feel ashamed.

As a matter of fact, Ireland is not actually in a more disturbed condition now than she was a short twelvemonth ago, when the Administration of which the noble Lord was an ornament failed to relieve the widespread distress that existed, and a Government prosecution was commenced against a few inflammatory agitators. Forgetfulness, however, is convenient in Opposition. Consequently, the rumoured forthcoming prosecution of the harebrained leaders of the Land League by the present Ministry called for wholesale condemnation from the Marquis, who recommended "a simple suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act," or the assumption of additional powers by Government, as the best means of suppressing the outrages and disorderly manifestations complained of. Plentifully supplied with blank ammunition to the last, Lord Salisbury fired this final volley at the Government:—

You will, at all events, endeavour without hesitation to overthrow the policy which has alienated our friendly allies in Europe, which has made us do the work and follow the bidding of Russia, and which has plunged into apparently helpless anarchy the much-tried population of Ireland.

Gladiatorial viewed, it was, perhaps, to be regretted that neither the Prime Minister nor Mr. Bright, neither the Duke of Argyll nor Sir William Harcourt (the latter of whom was warmly welcomed in Glasgow and Edinburgh last week), had opportunely arranged to be present at some dinner or Liberal meeting on Wednesday, in order to reply to the epithets which they might have guessed Vulcan was forging. Mr. Chamberlain, for one, appeared to have surmised at Birmingham on Tuesday what was going on in remote Taunton. It chanced that a Memorial, designed to commemorate the great services the President of the Board of Trade has rendered to Birmingham—by enabling the Corporation to buy the gasworks Mr. Chamberlain is computed to have been the means of saving Birmingham £130,000 in five years, in addition to the creation of a sinking fund which will amount to £150,000 at the close of this year—was unveiled on Tuesday. An address of thanks from the Town Council was afterwards presented to Mr. Chamberlain, who, in modestly acknowledging the compliment, administered the following neat dig in the ribs to the late Conservative Administration:—

I will confess to you that I am so parochially minded that I look with greater satisfaction to our annexation of the gas and of the water, to our scientific frontier in the improvement area (laughter), than I do to the results of that Imperial policy which has given us Cyprus and the Transvaal (laughter); and I am prouder of having been engaged with you in warring against disease, and crime, and ignorance in Birmingham than if I had been the author of the Zulu War, or had instigated the invasion of Afghanistan (laughter).

Entertained subsequently at dinner in the new Council House, Mr. Chamberlain made another effective speech, in the course of which he said he would have gladly given place in the Cabinet to his intimate personal and political friend Sir Charles Dilke; but owned that the office of President of the Board of Trade was congenial to him, and cited the measures that had been passed, and referred to probable legislation in regard to the mercantile marine, railway companies, the patent law, partnership, and bankruptcy, in justification of the action and intentions of the Government. As for Ireland and the East, the policy of the Ministry would be in accord with the speeches of Ministers before taking office.

Lord Northbrook, though fresh from the sea breezes of the

Channel, referred to no Admiralty topic at the political and terpsichorean festival wherewith the establishment of the Winchester Liberal Working Men's Club was celebrated on Tuesday night. The First Lord of the Admiralty plumed the Liberal Party on having gained five seats in Hampshire. He declined to touch upon Ireland and the East. He preferred to name the Employers' Liability Bill, Repeal of the Malt Tax, and Hares and Rabbits Bill as practical proofs of the desire of the Government to relieve all classes of the community. Referring to what he was almost inclined to call the "post-mortem examinations" regarding election corruption in certain boroughs, the noble lord earnestly called upon working men to do their utmost to put down bribery.

In Ireland, Mr. Parnell has been courting prosecution by the outrageous violence of his language. On Sunday he appeared with a congenial clique of Land Leaguers in Galway. Commenting on the rumoured rod the Government was reported to have in pickle for him and his followers—a State prosecution—Mr. Parnell applied such choice epithets as "our hypocritical Chief Secretary," and "Buckshot Forster" to the right hon. gentleman. This was in cold blood. After dinner in Galway, on Sunday evening, Mr. Parnell had the bad judgment to say that if Ireland appealed to Irishmen in America to aid her "in another field and in another way" she would have "their trained and organised assistance for the purpose of breaking the yoke which encircles you." Though this arch-offender was spared for the time, Mr. Parnell's secretary, Mr. T. M. Healy, was on Tuesday arrested at Roche's Hotel, Glengarriff, the stated charges against him being the implied justification of the attempt to murder Mr. Hutchins in speeches made at Bantry on Sunday week and at Castletown, Berehaven, on Sunday last. Meantime, whilst reports of further prosecutions filled the air, Mr. Justin McCarthy was impelled by these very rumours to quixotically send his adhesion to the Land League; and Mr. F. H. O'Donnell felt bound to do the same in the shape of a characteristically pompous and self-sufficient epistle. It may be added that it was an outspoken speech of Mr. Herbert Gladstone (who has just been made an Ancient Shepherd) in Leeds that gave support to the rumour of the State prosecution of the leaders of the Land League.

Reading between the lines of the unsavoury revelations of almost historic corruption brought to light by the searching inquiries of the Election Commissioners, it is not hard to see here and there that whilst, on the one hand, the most strenuous exertions were made to keep the elections pure, on the other hand the most lavish means were adopted to debauch constituencies. With regard to the Election Petitions lately heard, that at Berwick-on-Tweed resulted adversely to the unfortunate Lord Advocate for Scotland, whose seat will be taken by Captain Milne Home; the Worcester inquiry is pending as we go to press; and on Monday the petition against Mr. Ralli at Wallingford was dismissed.

THE CHURCH.

PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Bourne, G. D., to be Honorary Canon of Gloucester.
Clayton, E.; Prebendary of Putston Major in Hereford Cathedral.
Dickson, John Phillips; Rector of Cumberworth, Yorks.
Fowler, C. A.; Rector of Walton-in-Gordano and Western-in-Gordano.
Houghton, H. J., Vicar of Blockley; Rural Dean of Blockley.
Key, F. F.; Vicar of Camberwell.
King, J. F., Rector of Little Braxted; Vicar of St. John's, Colchester.
Millar, J. F., Vicar of Cirencester; Honorary Canon of Bristol.
Robertson, David; Rural Dean of Kidderminster.
Tomkins, Wm.; Curate of St. Stephen, Barbourne, Worcester.
Witts, Broome F. E.; Vicar of Norton.
Wylde, Robert; Rector of Northfield, Birmingham.—*Guardian*.

The Bishop of London will resume his weekly attendance at London House next Monday.

The ancient parish church of Handsworth was reopened on Monday, after restoration, by the Archbishop of York. The nave and chancel of the church probably date from the early part of the thirteenth century.

The congregation of St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Hamps-
stead, of which the late Prebendary Wright, who was drowned in Coniston Lake, was the minister, have raised a sum of £580 for the Church Missionary Society as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased gentleman, who was the honorary clerical secretary of that society.

Speaking at the diocesan conference at Gloucester, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol said he should conscientiously object to consecrate churchyards of which the land was not specially reserved by trust deed for members of the Church of England. He had drawn up a form for his clergy to be used separately in every case of interment in unconsecrated ground.

A fine example of the new style of spirit fresco painting has been finished in the chancel of St. Peter's, Belsize Park, by Mr. Philip Harry Newman. The subject is "Our Lord Healing the Sick."—The east window of St. Jude's, Gray's-inn-road, has been filled with stained glass, executed by Mr. G. Rees, of Lamb's-conduit-street. It is a gift to the church from the congregation.

Kensington parish church has received an addition in the shape of a magnificent prize medal tower-clock. The clock, which is the work of Messrs. E. Dent and Co., is constructed upon the same design as their great clock at the Houses of Parliament. In addition to striking the hours, it chimes the quarters upon four bells. A singular feature is that the clock has no dials, as it is thought that they would hardly be in harmony with the Gothic character of the building.

The parish church of Sheffield was reopened on Tuesday by the Archbishop of York, after complete restoration. The scheme originated in the munificent gift by the late Mrs. Thornhill-Gill, of Stanton-in-the-Peak, of £10,000. Independent of this gift, a transept has already been completed some months. This addition, together with three beautiful stained windows, was made at a cost of £2500, by Mrs. Samuel Parker, in memory of her late husband, a well-known physician of Sheffield. A further sum of £5000 or £6000 was required, all of which, with the exception of about £1500, has been contributed in the town.

On the 14th inst. the Mexican troops surrounded and, after two day's fighting, annihilated the band of Indians which, for years past, under the leadership of a chief named Victorio, had infested the American border. During the present year 400 persons have been murdered by this band.

The Wreck Register for 1878-9, published by the Board of Trade, shows that last year 3002 wrecks occurred on our coasts and that 490 lives were lost. Of the total number 797 were serious casualties and 1808 minor disasters. During the past twenty-five years there had been 49,322 wrecks, resulting in the loss of 18,319 lives. By means of the life-boats of the National Life-Boat Institution, the rocket apparatus of the Board of Trade, and other agencies, as many as 3302 lives were saved from the various wrecks on our coasts last year.



PLEASANT COMPANY MAKES THE WAY SHORT.

BY HEYWOOD HARDY.

The Extra Supplement.

"PLEASANT COMPANY MAKES THE WAY SHORT."

This was a capital subject for the very promising—nay, already distinguished—young painter, Mr. Heywood Hardy. Few artists paint horses so well, or foreshorten them so accurately; and few paint human figures better, or so well, either. The subject has also just that graceful geniality, that touch of romance, heightened with a dash of olden costume—the expression of refined sympathies and sensibilities—to which Mr. Hardy's works have often borne witness. A trot, breaking now and then into a canter, on a good nag, along a country road, in the heyday of youth, on a pleasant spring or autumn morning, with just cloud enough to veil the sun, and with a lovely companion mounted by your side—what could be more delightful? The pair before us probably would desire nothing better. Having now reached the ford, swollen, perhaps, slightly by recent showers, they rein in a little, and the gentleman, making believe to think that his companion may feel a little nervous, offers his hand as a support while crossing the ford. We have no doubt the sly rogue is ready to offer his hand metaphorically as well as literally, and his heart with it, on the first opportunity or the slightest occasion. But his pretended solicitude is evidently misplaced: judging by her seat, his charming companion is at least as secure as he—in sooth, she may be a very *Di Vernon*. We look too at the quaint old costume, say, of a hundred years ago—the picturesque tri-corne hats, and the jaunty habit (free from the smug rigidity of the modern garment, with its horrible chimney-pot finial); the gentleman's trim breeches, boots, and coat, not forgetting the sensible, serviceable tippet and his unstarched neckcloth and ruffles. We are led to ask why, now that we are imitating so much from the long-despised but of late, perhaps, over-lauded Georgian era, why, we say, something cannot be borrowed from the costume of that period, or, indeed, from any other period of the past, to relieve the doleful monotony and stiff formality, the absolute hideousness of the male garb—"costume" is too expressive and dignified a word to apply to it—of the present day?

The picture was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, and is the property of Messrs. H. Mendoza and Son, by whose permission it is engraved for this Journal.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

As far as it has gone, we cannot say that the Houghton Meeting has rivalled the Second October in any respect. The weather was all that could be wished on Monday, but the next two days were simply awful, even for Newmarket. Then, though there have been unusually large fields for some of the events, we have only had one race per day that has created general interest; and, lastly, it must be admitted that the excitement engendered by the Cambridgeshire could not be compared with that involved in the decision of the Cesarewitch. Archer and Cradle made a successful effort in the opening event of Monday, though Lord Wilton's old horse had to gallop in earnest to beat the luckless Lancaster Bowman, who is almost as good a "second" as The Abbot. In the flying Stakes Rowlston actually proved himself as good as Hackthorpe at level weights, and gave Constable another winning mount. By the way, it is stated that Lord Rosebery's favourite jockey will not be seen much more in the saddle, but will devote his time exclusively to training, in which he has proved so thoroughly successful this season. There were no less than twenty-five runners for the Monday Nursery Handicap, and Griselda (6 st. 2 lb.) came in alone. She carried Lord Zetland's time-honoured "spots," and was, we believe, the first winner ever ridden by little Enoch, a son of his Lordship's trainer. The Criterion Stakes, finishing at the top of the town, was, of course, set last on the card. Lord Rosebery depended on Savoyard, as Town Moor was in reserve for the more valuable Dewhurst Plate. St. Louis had no engagement in the race, so once more Mr. Crawford was well represented by Thebais. Brag, who was unpenalised, started favourite, but was out of it a long way from home, and Thebais had not the slightest trouble in beating Savoyard and Sir Marmaduke, who were, respectively, second and third.

Though he is now eleven years old, Grand Flaneur has enough speed left to beat a very fair field for the All-Aged Trial Stakes on Tuesday, and the hero of two Portland Plates bids fair to rival the feats of Oxonian, and to win a race or two when in his teens. The next two races fell to sons of Speculum, Goggles defeating a very large field in a Maiden Plate; while Field Glass beat Early Morn and seven others in a handicap over the Breybey Stakes course. The thirty-one runners for the Cambridgeshire were weighed out in capital time, but, between the rain and the haze, it was most difficult to see much of the race. The rush on Fernandez (8 st. 1 lb.) was so strong that it was difficult to back him at any price, Retreat (7 st. 5 lb.) was also in great demand, and weight of money brought Ulster (6 st. 12 lb.) to 12 to 1. When the flag fell—so far as could be learnt—all were off on level terms. There was, however, soon a disposition to make, as in the olden days, for the upper ground, and here, when fairly under weigh, were seen King Priam, Khabara, Lucetta, Castillon, and Fernandez, while in the centre Sybil and Ulster were conspicuous, with Evasion and Pelleas leading the lot on the lower ground. At the heels of the front rank on the top ground were Toastmaster, Cipolata, and Retreat, and among the centre second lot was Experiment, while the rearmost division were Exeter, Nereid, Mirth, and Petronel. When about a quarter of a mile had been covered Petronel improved his position, and Spitzbergen, American Spendthrift, and Leoville dropped back. Meanwhile Pelleas, on the lower ground, had taken up the running from King Priam on the top, the next prominent lot being Castillon, Experiment, Retreat, Dreamland, Toastmaster, and Lucetta, the latter of whom, with Fernandez, rapidly improved their positions as they neared the Red Post. Evasion, King Priam, Castillon, and Toastmaster, who had been conspicuous in the van, were done with before reaching this point, as was Retreat, while Lucetta here had taken a clear lead of Pelleas, Fernandez, and Cipolata. About one hundred and fifty yards past the Red Post Fernandez ran up to Lucetta on the left, while Cipolata ran into third place; Lucetta, however, hanging towards the left, Fordham had to pull up Fernandez and come round on the whip hand of the Station-road filly, and, though he challenged resolutely, he could not get up, and was defeated by half a length. Cipolata finished third, two lengths off, while Pelleas was fourth, Wallenstein fifth, Toastmaster sixth, Evasion seventh, Castillon eighth, Experiment ninth, Buchanan tenth, Retreat eleventh, and King Priam twelfth; while the last lot were Exeter, Dreamland, and American Spendthrift. As soon as they returned to weigh in, Fordham lodged an objection against the winner on the ground of a cross, and as he is the last man to make a frivolous one, as little as 6 to 4

was taken in some cases that Fernandez got the race. The stewards heard the case in the town the same evening, and, after a long consultation, confirmed the judge's placing. Still, there is no doubt but that Mr. Gretton's colt ought to have won, and, in any case, he carries off the honours of the race, as he was giving a year and 14 lb. to Lucetta. Cipolata (8 st. 1 lb.) once more acquitted herself very creditably, and, judging through her, it is clear that 9 st. would not have stopped Robert the Devil from following in the footsteps of Rosebery, and securing the Cambridgeshire as well as the Cesarewitch.

The Dewhurst Plate on Wednesday was a second edition of the Middle Park Plate, as the first five in the latter race again competed. They met on exactly the same terms, with one important exception, and that was in the case of St. Louis, who had a 10 lb. penalty. Still Mr. Crawford's crack started with the call of everything except Town Moor, with whom he was in equal demand at 5 to 2. Both ran well to the Abingdon Bottom, where the weight stopped St. Louis, and Town Moor was beaten. Brag then came away in front of Bal Gal and Lucy Glitters, but Lord Falmouth's filly struggled on with great determination, and, catching Brag in the last few strides, won by a neck, Lucy Glitters being the same distance behind the second. As Bal Gal managed to stay this severe seven furlongs, her roaring propensities cannot be so very serious, after all, and she may yet play no unimportant part in the classic races of next season. St. Louis's defeat may be partially condoned, as a 10 lb. penalty is a very serious matter when the ground is heavy; but no excuse can be made for Town Moor.

Coursing men were unusually busy last week, the South Lancashire (Southport) Meeting being only one of three or four good fixtures. The weather in all parts of the country was cold, still sport in Lancashire proved thoroughly enjoyable, as there were plenty of hares, and they ran wonderfully stoutly. The Derby, for dog puppies, was won by Headman, by Beardwood—Happy Lines: and the Oaks fell to Black Boss, by Achilles—a dog whose representatives are doing wonderfully well this season—from Countess Ratcliffe. The Scarisbrick Cup was shared by The Baron, Master Johnny, and Trapper, though Mr. Trap, who owns the last mentioned, must be considered very fortunate, as it was almost universally believed that Sir Richard beat him pretty easily in the fourth round. Public opinion was also dead against Mr. Hyslop's decision in the course between M'Dougal and Hector, in the Cossens Stakes; but it must be admitted that the judge and the spectators are not unfrequently at issue at Southport, as the courses look very different from different positions. There were no less than 106 entries for the Puppy Stakes at Coquettale, and Dulas, by Meldon—Deceive me Not, won the final course. She is a very promising young lady, and, after her victory, was sold, together with her sister Dora, to Mr. Dunn, for £100, with a further contingency of £500 if either of them wins the Waterloo Cup.

On Tuesday next Elias Laycock and Charles Hosmer will scull from Putney to Mortlake for £200, and thus, for the first time, Australia and America will be pitted against each other on the river.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

The third and fourth volumes, concluding the work, of the *History of our Own Times*, by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., have now been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The two preceding volumes, which appeared about two years ago, contained the narrative of events from the accession of Queen Victoria to the Treaty of Paris after the Crimean War in 1856. In his third volume, the author brings us to the death of Lord Palmerston, which took place in the autumn of 1855, and his last volume terminates with the general election of the present year, and with Mr. Gladstone's return to power. Nearly a quarter of a century past is thus comprised within the portion of history which is here reviewed. Its transactions abide in the personal recollection of all who are not young men, and who have been accustomed to read and reflect upon the discussions of public affairs. We cannot say that Mr. Justin McCarthy adds much fresh information to that which might be found in the filed copies of the *Daily News* or any Liberal newspaper during this long period. He deals chiefly with the surface aspects of the time, and with general expressions of the popular sentiment then prevailing. It is convenient that such views, though destined probably to undergo great alteration from more strenuous historical criticism, should be preserved in the form of a book. Standard history, based on diligent collation of all the pieces of evidence to be discovered, with the private opinions of contemporaries in their letters and memoirs, as well as their public declarations and professions, cannot yet be fully made up. It requires a good deal more study than is implied in an ordinary acquaintance, however constant and attentive, with journalism and Parliamentary debates. A judicial faculty of weighing the value of testimony, and correcting the erroneous or exaggerated impressions that were current upon the occasion, is most essential to the true historian. Mr. Justin McCarthy has not these special qualifications in any remarkable degree. His work is that of an able summary-writer undertaking to recast or digest the net contents of a prolonged series of newspaper reports and newspaper comments into a very readable book. In this task he has perfectly succeeded, and it is all that the majority of his readers will desire.

The state of political parties under Lord Palmerston's Ministry at the beginning of 1857 was most depressing for sincere believers in true Liberal principles. It was, perhaps, the effect of popular indulgence in the passions excited by war during the protracted siege and capture of Sebastopol. A comparative disregard of equity and of the rights of humanity, an arrogant contempt of foreign nations, especially of the unwarlike and unarmed, of those not entitled to rank with European Powers, comes over the public mind. It is caused by the demoralising spectacle of profligate warfare between the civilised States of Christendom. At such a time it was but too easy to commit England to the outrageous course pursued in China. The bombardment of Canton, in revenge for the seizure of a Chinese outlawed vessel which had fraudulently hoisted the British flag, was an act that it was scandalous for our Government to support. But Lord Palmerston did not scruple to do so, and carried the country with him against the best members equally of the Conservative and of the Liberal party. Soon after this came another and fiercer excitement, that of the Indian military revolt, accompanied with the massacres of our countrymen and country-women at Delhi, and still worse at Cawnpore, which roused popular feeling to the pitch of reckless fury. The incidents of that fierce struggle in 1857 and 1858 are related by this author somewhat minutely, in four successive chapters, followed by the change of government in our Indian Empire. Then comes the affair of the Orsini conspiracy, the overthrow of Lord Palmerston for alleged subserviency to the French Emperor, and the succession of Lord Derby to office. About the same time, as here described in its turn, occurs the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece; also, the admission of Jews to Parliament, involving the question of using the formal sanction

of the oath, as in Mr. Bradlaugh's case, for excluding persons on the ground of religious belief. "The Tory Diogenes Rolling his Tub" is a flippant and inappropriate way of designating the Ministerial Reform Bill of 1859. The rejection, however, of that measure, along with the crisis of foreign policy at the outbreak of the Italian war of liberation, called Palmerston again to power. We next find Mr. Gladstone appearing in the front rank of statesmen as the great fiscal reformer and free-trader of his time; the French commercial treaty, and the repeal of the paper duty, with the political controversies that arose from those measures, occupy a separate chapter. The massacres in Syria and French intervention there, the joint expedition of France and England against Pekin, the French expedition to Mexico, the commencement of the American Civil War, and the difficulties in keeping our neutrality, the insurrection in Poland in 1862, and the war of Schleswig-Holstein, in 1864, which caused much perplexity to our Foreign Office, are treated of in the remainder of the third volume. It ends with a very fair, just, and kindly estimate of the character of Lord Palmerston, which is one of the best passages in this work.

The fourth volume, opening with Lord Russell's Ministry of 1865, and with Mr. Gladstone's advance to the leadership of the House of Commons, has more immediate bearing on the politics of this day. Gladstone and Disraeli soon appear as the great rivals in public esteem and confidence; while Earl Russell is but the shadow of his former self, better known as Lord John, and the late Earl of Derby is soon to pass off the stage where he has played a brilliant part. The last fifteen years have, indeed, brought in a new era of statesmanship; the Whigs and Tories of old time have vanished into the past, especially since the Reform Act of 1867 was followed by the Gladstone Ministry, with its thorough measures of Liberal policy. On the other hand, there is a dark side to the picture, showing considerable social and political evils, which Mr. Justin McCarthy does not seek to palliate. With regard to Ireland he speaks with a certain degree of reserve, which must be attributed to his individual position as an Irish member of Parliament associated with the moderate section of the Home-Rule party. He is apparently desirous not to censure any more than he can help either the Fenian conspirators of 1867, or the truculent agitators of these latter days, though he cannot approve their proceedings. We believe that great exaggeration has prevailed in representing the bulk of the Irish population as hostile to their connection with Great Britain; and this is a point on which we are not inclined to accept the testimony of any professional Irish politicians, however personally respectable they may be. All Irish expressions of sentiment, whether agreeable or obnoxious, must be taken with a discount of about seventy per cent, due to the vehement and imaginative temperament of that people. Mr. Justin McCarthy himself is a calm, temperate, unimpassioned writer; but he seems too much impressed by the strong language and violent behaviour of some of his countrymen, whom English observers regard as self-deluding enthusiasts for a hollow and factitious scheme of pretended national independence. Remembering Smith O'Brien and O'Connell, and their utter failure to produce a really effective national movement for the Repeal of the Union, we cannot accept any high estimate of those who are now giving us trouble rather by their obstructive abuse of Parliamentary privilege than by their power to stir up a revolt in Ireland. Mr. McCarthy's own views of Home Rule, as we understand them, are perfectly free from the reproach or suspicion of any unconstitutional design. They are obviously consistent with legality, peace, and social order. But this can hardly be said of every professed Irish Home Ruler at the present day.

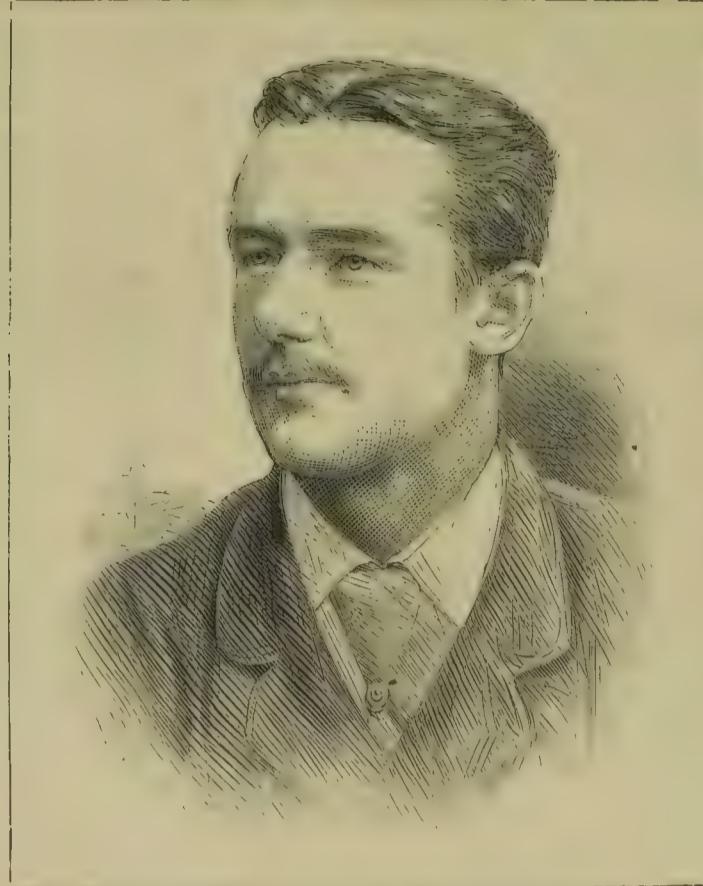
Leaving aside his remarks upon that question, we have little exception to take to his views of Liberal policy, and of the most important of recent controversies between the party of Lord Beaconsfield and that of Mr. Gladstone. He does not, indeed, cast any fresh light upon the course either of foreign or domestic affairs. His arguments are those which were broached at the time in the ordinary "leading articles" and speeches of the Liberal way of thinking. The style is free, clear, and vigorous, but is too frequently encumbered with small verbal witticisms, with trite poetical quotations, and even with irrelevant far-fetched allusions to incidents of fable and romance, which few readers can be expected to recognise. This habit is more excusable in a literary essayist than in a practical historian, who has little need to mention "a Kyffhäuser cavern," "Rodomonte's bridge in Ariosto," "Prester John," "the son of Tisander," and other recondite apocryphal subjects. In the proper task of narrating and describing real occurrences, the author seems too apt to write from his general remembrance, instead of having the precise documents before him. He is, on the whole, tolerably correct in the main outline, but there is a felt want of statistical and chronological exactness in his statements. For instance, we are not told the amount of the military forces employed in the Abyssinian or in the Afghan, or in the Zulu war, or what was the cost of those wars. Arithmetical facts, which are surely of great consequence in the history of Administrations, seldom obtain their due place in this record. We learn scarcely anything here of the financial conditions of our Government at successive periods—of the revenue, the departmental estimates, the expenditure, the trade returns, the census of population, and the figures indicating the growth or decay of important branches of industry. These historical materials are really more valuable than observations respecting the characters and talents of individual statesmen, or the alternate triumphs and defeats of parliamentary contention. Mr. Justin McCarthy's work, on the whole, is a very defective history of our times, but a pretty fair account of the varying fortunes of Liberals and Conservatives in Queen Victoria's reign.

The first of a series of concerts under the title of "Two-penny Concerts," which promise to become very popular with the class for which they are intended, was given on Tuesday evening at the New Townhall, Kensington.

Last week 5537 births and 3748 deaths were registered in London and twenty-two other large towns of the United Kingdom. In London 2361 births and 1518 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 200 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 59, the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The deaths included 7 from smallpox, 22 from measles, 58 from scarlet fever, 11 from diphtheria, 11 from whooping-cough, 24 from different forms of fever, and 59 from diarrhoea; thus to the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class 192 deaths were referred, against 207 and 214 in the two preceding weeks. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had steadily increased from 124 to 273 in the six previous weeks, rose to 323 last week, exceeding by 38 the corrected weekly average: 213 were attributed to bronchitis and 77 to pneumonia.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ARTHUR SHEWELL,
KILLED AT CANDAHAR.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT FRANK WHITTUCK,
DIED AT CANDAHAR.

LIEUTENANT FRANK WHITTUCK.

This young officer, who was with his regiment, the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, at the defeat of General Burrows's brigade, on July 27, in the action of Khushk-i-Nakhud, or Maiwand, died shortly afterwards, at Candahar, of disease, probably caused by the hardships suffered in the retreat, or during the siege. He was twenty-four years of age, and was the sixth and youngest son of Captain W. J. Whittuck, late of the 82nd Regiment, of Ellsbridge House, Keynsham, near Bristol. In April, 1876, he joined the 17th (Leicestershire) Regiment; he was made a probationer for the Indian Staff Corps, and went to India, where he was attached to the 12th Bombay Native Infantry, and afterwards to the 20th, and finally posted to the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, forming part of the Candahar

force under command of General Primrose. He was much esteemed among his comrades and friends.

The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Medrington, of Bath.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. SHEWELL.

Among the many good officers killed in the Afghan war is Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Shewell, of the Bombay Staff Corps, Deputy Commissary-General to the Candahar Force. He was wounded on Aug. 16, while assisting to bring the wounded in from the field during the attack on the village of Deh-Kwaja, adjacent to Candahar; and he died on Sept. 2. The order which was issued by the Lieutenant-General commanding at Candahar, and a subsequent Minute of the

Governor-General in Council, expressed deep regret for the loss of this officer. In the *Standard* of Sept. 11, there was a letter from "One who knew him well," stating the facts of his exemplary behaviour in 1864, at Baroda, when there was a fearful outbreak of cholera in the Royal Artillery, B battery, 18th Brigade. The circumstances were also mentioned, as follows, in a lecture upon "Transport Service for Asiatic Warfare," read on June 23 last at the Royal United Service Institution:—"At Ere-ka-Dur there was a commissariat officer who had been up the line on duty and returning to Sukkur. The commissariat officer whom I have just mentioned delayed his return when the cholera appeared, and was alone at first, afterwards with one medical subordinate to assist him. He attended those struck down by this fell disease as if they had been his brothers.



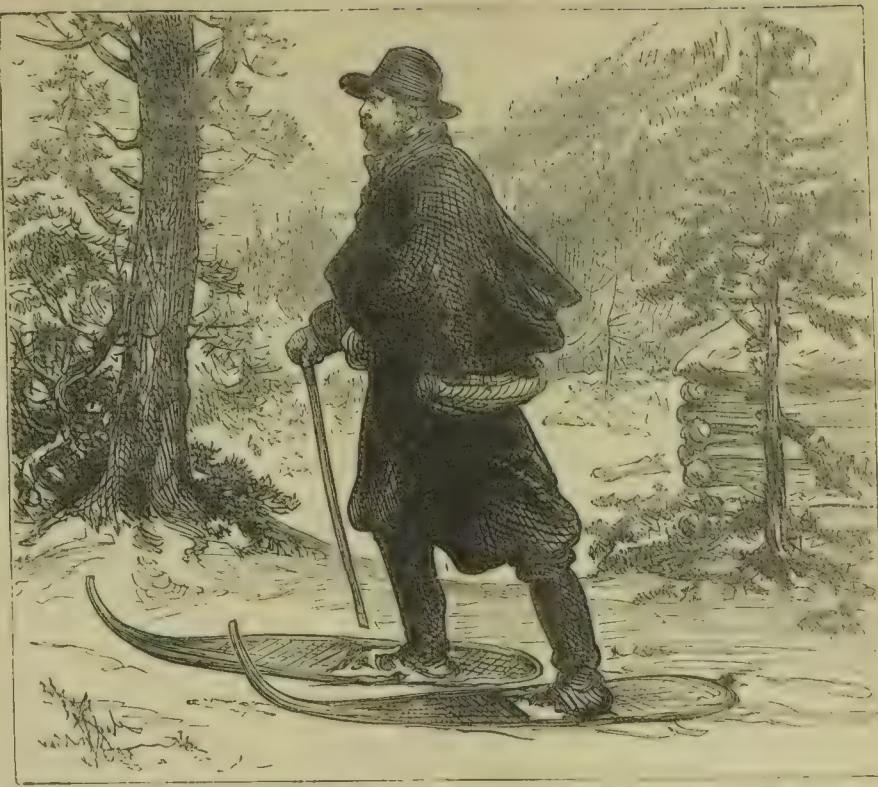
1. View of the new lock and water channel at Sunderland. 2. The Earl of Durham opening the new lock. 3. The Lady Beatrix s.s. entering the new lock.



OPENING OF THE NEW LOCK AND WATER CHANNEL AT SUNDERLAND DOCKS BY THE EARL OF DURHAM.



PONY EXPRESS, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NORTH AMERICA.



POSTMAN OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Night and day he sat by the side of the sick, ministering to their wants, able only at long intervals to snatch a few minutes of that repose so greatly needed, so hardly earned. And remember that his work was not in the well-ventilated, well-arranged wards of a hospital, but in rudely constructed grass-sheds, exposed to the burning, and I may say almost deadly, heat of June in the Cutchu plain. Not only did he voluntarily give his untiring aid day and night in nursing the sick, but every morning he was to be seen mounted on his pony with a large basket slung on his arm, which was filled with delicacies for the sick women and children, who, being convalescent, were encamped two or three miles off. The delicacies were not provided by Government, but supplied by his own generosity and that of a few friends. Perhaps it needed more moral courage for a young officer thus burdened to ride through the camp than it would to face the enemy; but whenever a kindness or an unselfish action was to be done, Arthur Shewell was the man to do it."

The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. R. Dighton, of Cheltenham.

DOCK IMPROVEMENT AT SUNDERLAND.

A new lock and deep-water channel, recently constructed at the sea outlet of the south docks at Sunderland, were opened on Thursday week by the Earl of Durham, who ships vast quantities of coal in the port. The works thus inaugurated form an important part of an extensive scheme of river, dock, and harbour improvements planned by Sir John Coode, and estimated to cost more than half a million sterling, which are being carried out by the River Wear Commissioners. The lock is 480 ft. long and 95 ft. wide. The depth of water in it will be 30 ft. at ordinary tides, and the lock can be filled or emptied by means of sluices. The lock and the Hudson, or South Dock, which was opened thirty years ago, are connected by a lock 65 ft. wide, with a single pair of gates. The opposite end of the lock is connected with the open sea, and a vessel arriving or sailing passes right from the sea into the dock, or from the dock into the sea, going through the lock on the way, and thus no time is lost. The gateway at the sea end is similar to the inner one, but with eighteen inches more water, and a double pair of gates supported by strut gates which have not before been adopted in England. The gates and sluices will be worked by hydraulic machinery, and provision has been made for working with hand-power as well, so that, should an accident occur to the machinery, there need be no stoppage. The advantages to the port that will accrue from the lock will be very great. There was a large concourse of spectators to witness the opening ceremony, which commenced by the locking in of the Lady Beatrix, one of the fleet of steam-ships belonging to Lord Durham, his Lordship using the lever of the hydraulic apparatus. The sluices having been opened, the water in the lock rose to the level of the water in the Hudson Dock at the rate of about a foot a minute. The inner lock gates were then opened, and the Lady Beatrix passed into the Hudson Dock, three cheers being given as she went through the gates. Mr. E. C. Robson, chairman of the Works Committee, and Mr. James Laing, chairman of the Wear Commission, then addressed the assemblage. The Commissioners afterwards entertained about 300 gentlemen



VILLAGE CLUB, CLAPHAM, BEDFORDSHIRE.

at luncheon in the Laing Warehouse. Mr. Laing presided, supported by Lord Durham, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Sir Henry Havelock Allan, M.P.; Mr. Gourley, M.P.; Mr. Joseph Dodds, M.P.; Colonel Lord John Taylor, Sir William Armstrong, Mr. J. Dent Dent (chairman of the North-Eastern Railway directors), Captain Johnson, R.N., and others.

RURAL VILLAGE CLUBS.

In February last year, at a meeting of the Farmers' Club in London, an interesting communication was read from Mr. James Howard, M.P. for Bedfordshire, and High Sheriff of that county, showing the beneficial operation of village clubs in the agricultural districts, for the social recreation and mental improvement of the labouring classes. The successful examples of those lately established by Sir Philip Rose, near Aylesbury, and by Sir Richard Sutton and the late Rev. John Adams at Stock Cross, in Berkshire, as well as the clubs in several parts of Suffolk, one at Woodbridge, were described in some detail; and it was stated that Mr. Howard was about to provide a similar useful institution for the advantage of his own neighbours at Clapham, near Bedford, where he resides. We now present an illustration of the Clapham Village Clubhouse, which was completed and opened some time since, and which has already done much good among the small population of that place. Mr. Howard, as the well-known proprietor of the great Britannia Works at Bedford for the manufacture of agricultural implements, and as a gentleman extensively connected with the interests of farmers and land-owners, can speak with high authority upon the question of the indirect benefit to those interests from such efforts to aid the moral and intellectual culture of the rural working classes. It was admitted, in the discussion at the Farmers' Club, that the service of labourers would be far more valuable to their employers if they could be weaned from the habit of wasting their leisure hours at the low public-houses, where they too often drink a very bad quality of beer at an excessive price, and where the mixture of bad company has a pernicious influence upon the younger men. The approved management of these Village Clubs is not on tectonic principles, but it is found by experience that most of their members will content themselves with a quiet half-pint and a pipe of tobacco, while reading or listening to the newspaper, playing a game of draughts or dominoes, or perhaps enjoying a song. There is tea, coffee, or cocoa for those who prefer it, which many of them do. A lending library, and occasional lectures, concerts, or public readings, are usually combined with the ordinary attractions of the Village Club. We heartily rejoice in the favourable reception of this class of institutions, which are certainly wanted quite as much in the country as in our large towns. We hope to see them become general in every county of England, when the proposed extension of the suffrage in counties shall have aroused public attention to the political and social importance of encouraging adult education, or rather self-culture, among the agricultural labourers of this country. It is desirable, however, that the clubs should ultimately be managed by the working men themselves, although at the first beginning they may be started and directed by clergymen and gentlemen of superior education and local position.



IPSWICH NEW CORN EXCHANGE.

CORN EXCHANGE, IPSWICH.

The first stone of a handsome pile of buildings at Ipswich, for a new Corn Exchange, was laid yesterday week by the Mayor, Mr. D. H. Booth, with Masonic honours, assisted by the Provincial Grand Lodge of Suffolk. The Freemasons went in procession, from their hall in St. Edmund's Street, through Northgate Street, Tavern Street, and Cornhill, to the Town Hall, where the Mayor and Corporation joined

them; and thence proceeded to the site of the intended building in King-street, at the back of the Townhall. The Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Suffolk, the Rev. C. J. Martyn, in the absence of Lord Waveney, presided over the Lodge upon this occasion, and helped, with other local members of the fraternity, in performing the due ceremonial. The Mayor afterwards entertained a large party at luncheon in the Townhall. Among the company were Mr. T. C. Cobbold, M.P., and Sir J. B. Monckton, Town Clerk of the City of London.

Our Illustration shows the east and south elevations of the new Corn Exchange, as designed by the architect, Mr. Brightwen Binnyon, of Ipswich. It is in the Italian Renaissance style, and these two sides will be of stone, fronting respectively towards King-street and Lower King-street. The basement will consist of shops, the rent of which, and of the cellars beneath, will defray part of the interest on the large cost of this building. The Corn Exchange-hall will be 120 ft. long, 58 ft. wide, and 60 ft. high, with an arched recess at the west end for a platform, when required. It will have a good north light, but no sunshine will be admitted during market hours. The walls are of white brick with a moulding of cream-coloured terra-cotta, the roof of iron, and the floor paved with wooden blocks set in concrete (Homan's patent flooring) upon iron girders. Part of the building will be devoted to municipal business offices in connection with the Townhall. The building contract has been taken for £21,950 by Messrs. Grimwood and Sons, of Sudbury; the site has cost £12,500. It is expected that the new Corn Exchange will be completed in the summer of 1882. The new Post Office at Ipswich is also making good progress.

POSTMAN IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The daily business of social life in the wide and thinly-inhabited townships of the American Far West, as in the parts of Colorado and Nebraska about the Rocky Mountains, is sometimes conducted by agencies of a primitive character, but suitable to local conditions. In highland districts that are situated out of the reach of the railway system, though stage-coaches, equipped and "run" with an enterprising audacity characteristic of the West, carry the mails to places of importance, the solitary postman on horseback, or "Pony Express," may often be met with, conveying letters, newspapers, and packets to or from the remotest hamlets of that mountain region. Relays of ponies are kept ready for him to mount without a minute's delay at the appointed stages along the road. In the winter season, when the snow lies deep where the village letter-carrier has to walk from house to village, he is obliged to wear snow-shoes, resembling those used in Canada, to prevent his feet sinking in. The reader of Bret Harte's spirited and humorous or pathetic tales of Western life (a complete edition of which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are now publishing) may be reminded, by our Illustrations, of certain incidents mentioned here and there by that eminently realistic American writer. "The up-stage was stopped at Granger's," he remarks in one instance; "the last mail had been abandoned in the *tules*, the rider swimming for his life." That was, however, in California, in the valley of the Sacramento. "Yuba Bill," the famous driver of one of Wells, Fargo, and Co.'s stages, is also a great original, and, in spite of strong liquor and strong language, a very good fellow. We only wish that Bret Harte's favourites would not swear so badly as they do, and would have less to do with Bourbon whisky; it would then be much pleasanter at Red Dog or Roaring Camp, at Dow's Flat, Five Forks, or Sandy Bar, and up in Calaveras; and equally so in the magnificent "Parks" of Colorado. There is a racy vigour of thought and expression, a robustness of feeling, in these sketches of hard-living Western society, which is a good substitute for the antiquated romantic element of imaginative fiction. The rustic riding postman, however, as well as the dashing stage-driver, belongs not to fiction but to contemporary fact, though probably doomed ere long to vanish before the advance of more artificial and elaborate vehicles of improved civilisation.

FINE ARTS.

In response to an invitation of Mr. Raphael Tuck, the art publisher, an exhibition of competitive designs for Christmas and New-Year cards has been organised for a few days (ending with to-day, Saturday) at the Dudley Gallery. To those of our readers whom this may reach in time, we would say that half an hour may be agreeably spent in this exhibition. There are, of course, many amateur and weak performances, the antic-simious fancies and the harlequinade of colour of many of the exhibitors will be apt to produce vertigo; but there are also many works creditable as art—pretty imaginings, frolicsome and funny, or grave and pathetic, scriptural story and fairy legend, together with a multitude of floral fancies and bits from the enchanted realm of Nature's still life. The exhibition cannot fail to improve the character of the pleasant missives which are every year growing to be a more recognised institution. Fourteen prizes were offered, amounting altogether to £500. The judges were Sir Coutts Lindsay, Mr. Stacy Marks, and Mr. Boughton. The prize-winners are:—First prize, Miss Alice Squire, charming designs of the four seasons, in the manner of Mrs. Allingham; Miss Squire's drawings in the last exhibition of Lady Artists we specially commended. Second prize, Herbert Alchin; third prizes, Harriet M. Burnett and Patty Townsend; fourth prizes, Helen J. Miles, Mary S. Story, R. J. Abraham, Mrs. G. Koberwein Tyrrell, and Rebecca Coleman; fifth prizes, Marian Croft, Miss Balfour, Elizabeth G. Bayly, G. Clausen, and Kate Sadler. The ladies, it will be observed, carry off a large majority of the prizes—which is as it should be in competition for such a purpose. We noticed several designs quite equal in artistic merit to those of some of the prize-winners—notably Nos. 35, 217, 295, 397, 405, 484, 561, 676, and 806. The catalogue (in which the artists' names do not appear, having been compiled before the decision of the judges) forms a curious collection of mottoes, adages, quotations, &c.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's tasteful little new gallery in Bond-street, next door but one to the Grosvenor, is being exhibited a series of sixty water-colour drawings, by Mr. David Law, of the lovely scenery of the Upper Thames, from "Oxford to Windsor," which fully justify the rapid rise of this painter-etcher in public favour. Accurate as records of those fascinating haunts, they are, at the same time, free in handling, good in colour, and evince a true feeling for artistic effect. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Law's excellent etchings will be glad to know that ten of these admirable views are to be etched by him, and published as a set by Messrs. Dowdeswell.

The private view of the exhibition of Pictures by British and Foreign Artists at the French Gallery, Pall-mall, takes place to-day (Saturday), and the gallery will open to the public on Monday. The collection includes Luminais' large and pathetic picture "Les Enervés de Jumièges," from the last Paris Salon.

The private views also take place to-day of the exhibitions of water-colour drawings at Mr. McLean's; of oil pictures at Mr. Tooth's; and of pictures, drawings, and various kinds of art-work, mostly by ladies, at the Institute of Art, 9, Conduit-street.

In 1877 an Italian artist named Luigi Asiotis died, leaving the sum of 10,000 lire for the purpose of erecting a statue to Antonio Allegri in his native town, Correggio—whence the master derived his more familiar name. To the eminent sculptor Vela was intrusted the commission for this statue, and it was inaugurated last week. The likeness must necessarily be problematical, for there is no portrait of Allegri perfectly authenticated, although claims to be such are set up for several portraits of very dissimilar persons. The story of Allegri's life is unparalleled in the history of art. It almost exceeds belief that a painter who arrived at the very first rank in the great art epoch of the early sixteenth century should yet have lived a life of the most complete seclusion in or near the obscure little town where he was born, and where, at the early age of forty, he died, never having studied in, nor even visited, the great art-centres of Venice, Florence, and Rome, being unknown even by sight to contemporary artists, receiving little or no patronage from prince or public, but painting his great monumental works for months, leaving no school behind him, and not even a portrait of himself from his own hand or that of any other artist. Not a relic of the master remains of Correggio, and not a single work by him is preserved there. Nevertheless, albeit the statue to his memory can but be a possibly approximate resemblance, its erection in the little out-of-the-way town (which is not even mentioned in Murray), after the lapse of more than three centuries, cannot fail to gratify the sentiment of his countless admirers.

Sir John Mellor distributed the prizes at the Dover School of Art last week. One student, Miss Mary Joyce, received the gold medal of the national competition.

In distributing the prizes yesterday week at the Winchester School of Art, the Bishop of Exeter dwelt on the advantages of art-study, not only as it touched and prompted the various handicrafts of the artisan, but also inasmuch as it had a humanising influence.

A notice has been issued by the Italian Government inviting foreign artists to take part in an open competition for designs for the national monument which it is proposed to erect in memory of the late King Victor Emmanuel. There is no restriction as to conception or style or choice of locality where the monument should be placed, but the cost is not to exceed £360,000. Three prizes—of £2000, £1200, and £800 respectively—will be given for the best designs, but the Government do not bind themselves to accept the designs of the prize-winners. The plans and models are to be sent in before Aug. 25, 1881. Information as to the terms of competition can be obtained of the Italian Consul-General, 31, Old Jewry.

Messrs. Briton Riviere A.R.A., MacWhirter, A.R.A., and F. Holl, A.R.A., judged on Tuesday last, at the galleries of the Society of British Artists, the numerous collection of sketches and studies sent up in competition by the members of the South Kensington, Gilbert, Lambeth, and West London Sketching clubs. By their decision the prize for landscape was awarded to Mr. H. P. Gill, South Kensington; for animals to Mr. E. Caldwell, West London; for figure to Mr. Gandy, Lambeth; and for modelling to Mr. Dixon, West London. The South Kensington Club gained the honorary award for the highest aggregate of marks.

Sir Edward Bates, Bart., who for a number of years represented the Conservatism of Plymouth, and has taken great interest in the poor, is to be presented with a whole-length life-sized portrait of himself, to be executed by Mr. J. Edgar Williams.

Mr. John C. Murdoch, fine-art publisher, of Castle-street, Holborn, has brought out two coloured pictures, after paintings, by Richard Beavis, entitled "Peace" and "War."

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have again increased the size of the *Magazine of Art*, and raised the price to a shilling. The new number is excellent, and promises well for the future of the magazine.

The October number of *St. Nicholas* is full of interest and amusement for youthful readers. Many of the illustrations are quite as artistic as those provided for readers of a larger growth.

Amongst the noteworthy contents of the last number of the *American Art-Review* are some wonderful examples of the new school of American wood engraving. Those reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine* to illustrate Mr. Linton's history of wood engraving in America are really marvellous productions, however much they may depart from what is considered the legitimate uses of the art. The portrait of William Cullen Bryant is a surprising imitation of a crayon drawing, and is equally remarkable as a specimen of woodcut printing. American wood-engravers are clearly cultivating the art with an earnestness that has already excited the attention of the art world, but their work is generally so fine that they are very much at the mercy of the printers.

The *Gazette* contains the official announcement of the appointment of Lieutenant-General Sir Donald Stewart to be an ordinary member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, in the room of Sir Edwin Johnston.

The *Gazette* also announces that the Queen has appointed Viscount Monck, Lord Montagle of Brandon, Lieutenant-General C. H. Dickens, Major Nolan, Captain Tottenham, Mr. T. A. Dickson, Mr. Ball Greene, and Mr. J. Mulholland, as Commissioners to inquire respecting the system of navigation which connects Coleraine, Belfast, and Limerick.

The Queen has approved of the nomination of Mr. Herries, C.B., chairman of the Inland Revenue Board, to be a Knight Commander of the Bath; and of Mr. Algernon West, deputy chairman, and Mr. Adam Young, secretary to the Board, to be Companions.

It is announced in Tuesday night's *Gazette* that the Queen has granted unto the Right Hon. Edward Montagu Stuart Granville-Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, Earl of Wharncliffe, and to Francis Dudley Stuart-Wortley (commonly called the Hon. Francis Dudley Stuart-Wortley), of Scarborough, in the West Riding of the county of York, the only surviving sons of John Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, second Baron Wharncliffe, deceased, her Royal license and authority that they may take the surname of Montagu, in addition to and before those of Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie.

The Queen has made the following promotions in, and appointments to, the Order of St. Michael and St. George: To be Knight Commander—Sir Daniel Cooper, Bart., for services rendered to the colony of New South Wales, more particularly in connection with the International Exhibition held at Sydney in 1879-80; Mr. Patrick Jennings, C.M.G., Executive Commissioner at the Exhibition to be also a Knight Commander; and Mr. W. Davies, Commissioner of the Exhibition, to be Companion of the order.

MUSHROOMS.

Mushrooms, as we know, are fungi, and "they have," says Lord Bacon, "two strange properties—the one, that they yield so delicious a meat; the other, that they come up so hastily, as in a night, and yet are unsown." Hawthorne, who noted most things, notes them, too. "They are mysteries," says he, "and objects of interest to me, springing as they do so suddenly from no root or seed, and growing one wonders why." Shakespeare, in "The Tempest," calls them "mid-night" mushrooms, and he gives them a fairy origin, as being the work of that elfin tribe of whose doings we read in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and which are alluded to by Drayton and by Herrick, too, who—in describing Oberon's entertainment at the Fairy Court, where "the elves present, to quench his thirst, a pure seed-pearl of infant dew"—follows in the same vein, and writes of their "mushroom table," on which we can fancy that there would be that tiny fungus called "fairy-butter," and "fairy-cups" to drink from. From the fact that, as Gerard says, "those earthly excrescences called mushrooms grow up in one night," we have the term—for an upstart—of mushroom growth, which Bacon comments on, and Dryden, too, in well-known lines; and an allusion to this quick growth we find in Shelley—"And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould, started like mist from the wet ground cold;" and the pleasant smell also which they have when grown, is thus remarked by Cowper:—"There the turf smells fresh, and fungous fruits of earth regale the sense with luxury of unexpected sweets."

Of these "fungous fruits" the French are fond, even more so than the English, though they prefer such as are cultivated to those that grow wild. The Irish, however, do not appreciate them, as was shown when the land near Drogheda being flooded by the Boyne, myriads of mushrooms sprang up in the fields, which were at once sent off to England, for "as the cows would not eat them they could not be good." In Italy the prejudice against them, it would seem, is still stronger, as one of the favourite maledictions there is "May he die of a pratiola!" and in Rome, where, as at Toulouse and other French towns, there is an Inspector of Fungi—whose permission to sell is placed in a cleft stick stuck into each basket—such mushrooms are always thrown into the Tiber; but with some of the dwellers in Pavia and Milan, they, though not sold in the markets, are eaten. The favourite fungus with the Italians is the one that is known as *Lactarius deliciosus*, which is freely sold and bought up eagerly, as it is at Marseilles and in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, as also those of its class, and of *Russula* allied to it; and the glory of colour on the fungi—stalls—white, cream, and fawn, and chestnut-brown, and yellow, red, and scarlet—has by artists long been recognised, as have the tints, too, of "the plain mushroom"—buff, pink, white, and grey—that tell so well in autumn pictures against a bank of russet leaves.

The generic name of "fungi" for the mushroom tribe is of very olden date, as is that of "pratinus" for the meadow kind, for thus we read in Horace—"pratinibus optima fungis natura est, alis male creditur;" whilst Ovid aptly calls them "fungos albos," and Pliny, "fungos suillos," as being, as it were, but fit for swine; and it is in this sense that they are noted by Martial—"Sunt tibi boleti; fungos ego sumo suillos"—whose contempt for the mushroom while boleti were at hand was due, no doubt, to the fact that the latter were always regarded as dainties, as they still are, indeed, in Italy, the one liked best there being the "*Boletus edulis*," which—under the name of "Porcino"—is freely sold in the markets, as it is—as "the Polish mushroom"—at Bordeaux and Bayonne, and in Vienna and Hanover; whilst, for the fasts of the Greek Church, large quantities of it are dried in Russia and kept in readiness. The boleti are strictly agarics; and one of the tribe, that called "*Cesarius*," has made its mark in history, through the part it played in the death of Claudius Cæsar. "*Mortiferum illum boletum ab uxore Agrippina datum*," as we read in Juvenal, who describes it as "*boletus species fungarum solus innoxius*." Suetonius, too, who says that the fatal food was prepared by the Queen herself—"per ipsam Agrippinam"—while using the significant words, "*boletum medicatum*," shows that, when not tampered with, it was safe to eat; or, as it runs, in a note to that passage, "*ne enim solus nocet*." As with fungi, so with agarics; whilst many are edible, some are hurtful—"some are very venomous," says Gerard, "and full of poison"—and it needs great care to distinguish them: "for," writes Parkinson, "the danger of eating them is so great that it is not good to lice your honey from such thorns."

Amongst fungi, the common mushroom is the one that is most frequently found, as it grows largely in America—where it is called "pink gills"—and is widely distributed through Europe, extending even to Lapland; and it is also met with in Barbary, Australia, and New Zealand, in which latter country it is so abundant that they do a large trade in it with China, as they also do with that other fungus that is called "Jew's ear," and of which no less than 250 tons were exported thence last year, as the Chinese, who think it purifies the blood, make it into soups, and various dishes. Its name is an odd one, and is thus accounted for: that as the elder, on which it grows, was the tree Judas selected, it has since then, from its shape, been called "Jew's ear." Gerard denies that the elder was the tree, and says it was the one now called the "Judas;" but the tradition was believed by early writers, and we read thus in "Piers Plowman"—"Judas he japed with jewen silver, and sithen on an eller hanged hymself;" and, from an association of ideas with "*sus per col*," this fungus is valued for affections of the throat.

From September till April, in Covent-garden, mushrooms are sold in enormous quantities; those after November being "winter" ones—that is, cultivated; though all the best ones may be thus termed, as the meadow ones from the country come up so bruised that they are mostly used for ketchup. In the London district this cultivation is carried on in vaults and cellars and on covered ridges in the open air; and from this mode of growth thousands of mushrooms are soon procured. The best ketchup-producing ones may, by-the-by, be thus arranged in their order of merit—The Parasol, the Horse, the Common, St. George's, and Champignon. In France the most extensive growth of mushrooms is in caves near Paris—at Moulin de la Roche, Montrouge, St. Germain, and Bagneux; and some of these excavations are so vast that those at work in them have lost their way. As an instance of production, we may mention here that, from the quarries of Méry-sur-Oise, 3000 lb. weight of fungi were sent in one day to Paris; whilst from a cave at Méry the average quantity gathered per day is 880 lb. Besides the supply of fresh ones from these French caves for home consumption, dried mushrooms are sent to many countries, and 14,000 boxes of them are forwarded from one house alone each year to England.

They may be grown almost on anything and anywhere—on boards, on ledges, and in pots and pans, as they have indeed been so grown and shown. Mushrooms, as is well known, are very nourishing, and during the time of the siege of Paris they were of the greatest service to the French as food.

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THE COURT.

Since the return of the Queen yesterday week from the Glassalt Shiel, where her Majesty and Princess Beatrice had passed some days at the Royal Lodge, the excursions of the Royal circle have been less extended on Deeside; while at the Glassalt various journeys were made in that romantic district, despite the wintry weather. Prince Leopold, who had been on a visit to the Marquis of Huntly, at Aboyne Castle, returned the previous day to Balmoral.

The Duchess Dowager of Roxburgh and Viscount and Viscountess Dalrymple dined with her Majesty.

On Saturday the Hon. Ismay Fitzroy, Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, and Mr. Sahl arrived at, and Captain Edwards, R.E., left, the castle.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine service on Sunday at Crathie Church. The holy communion was celebrated, the Rev. Archibald Campbell officiating.

Prince Leopold left Balmoral on Monday for Claremont.

The Hon. Frances Drummond has arrived as Maid of Honour in Waiting to the Queen.

Her Majesty has granted to Lady Mountmorres a suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace.

By order of her Majesty large parcels of old linen for surgical purposes have been sent from Buckingham Palace to Charing Cross, St. George's, the London, and other hospitals in the metropolis.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales since their return to town have been busy in entertaining their relatives and in paying visits to their personal friends. Their Royal Highnesses shortly after their arrival from the North went to Cliveden, accompanied by Prince John of Glücksburg, and visited the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, with whom they lunched. Prince William of Prussia paid a visit to their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House upon his arrival from Germany, the Prince returning his visit the same afternoon at the German Embassy. Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales accompanied the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse to Madame Tussaud's and to the Aquarium before their cousins' return to the Continent. Last Saturday the Prince and Prince John of Glücksburg went to Windsor for a day's shooting in the Great Park. They were joined by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince William of Prussia, and had excellent sport. The Royal party lunched near Cranbourne. In the evening the Prince and Princess and Prince John of Glücksburg went to the Court Theatre, when the Prince paid Madame Modjeska high compliments as to her acting, and expressed his admiration of the excellent manner in which the piece had been put on the stage by Mr. Barratt. Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine service on Sunday. Prince and Princess Christian, accompanied by Princess Victoria, and Princess Caroline Matilda of Holstein-Augustenburg, Prince William of Prussia, and the Duke of Edinburgh, called on the Prince and Princess on Monday, and remained to luncheon. The Prince (Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England), accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince John of Glücksburg, was present at a Masonic banquet given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House in the evening. The Princess, with the Duchess of Connaught, went to the Strand Theatre. Prince John of Glücksburg paid a visit to Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge on Tuesday, and in the evening he accompanied the Princess to St. James's Theatre.

THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, during his few days' stay at Buckingham Palace, generally dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and also went with them to Her Majesty's Theatre. His children, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princesses Irene and Alice, paid frequent visits to, and lunched with, their Royal Highnesses; they also visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace and Miss Hildyard at St. Catherine's, Regent's Park. The Prince and the Princesses likewise went to the South Kensington Museum and other places of interest during their stay. Yesterday week the Grand Duke and his family left upon their return to Darmstadt, having dined previously with their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House, the Prince accompanying them in the evening to Victoria Station, where he took leave. Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay attended the Grand Ducal party to Queenborough.

The Duke of Edinburgh, in his capacity of Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserves, replying to a letter from Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., on the subject of the recent injuries sustained by English fishing-boats on the eastern coast at the hands of Belgian crews, states that a cruiser (cutter) was sent from Harwich to Yarmouth some days since.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein went to St. Leonards-on-Sea on Thursday and opened the Hertfordshire Convalescent Home erected at Boppep, at a cost of £5000, for the accommodation of forty patients. The Earl of Chichester presided at the ceremony. Princess Christian was present on Wednesday morning at the marriage of Captain Holmes, of the Windsor volunteers and librarian of Windsor Castle, and Miss Gee, daughter of Canon Gee, Vicar of Windsor. The ceremony took place at the parish church of St. John, New Windsor.

Sympathising with a charity which ministers to the wants of consumptive patients, the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by the Duchess, laid the foundation-stone of the North London Hospital for Consumption, at Mount Vernon, Hampstead, last Saturday; and the Duchess received purses from ladies and children in aid of the funds of the institution. An address was presented to their Royal Highnesses, and a bouquet was accepted by the Duchess. Bishop Claughton officiated, and a guard of honour of the 3rd Middlesex Rifle Volunteers was in attendance.

Princess Louise of Lorne has been passing the week at Inverary Castle.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck, with their children Princess Mary and Princes Adolphus and Francis, accompanied by the Countess of Hopetoun, visited Dumferline yesterday week, and inspected the Abbey; and also visited St. Leonard's power-loom works, returning afterwards to Hopetoun. On Tuesday the Duke and Duchess paid a visit to Edinburgh, and went over Holyrood Palace, the Lord Provost and other dignitaries being present to do honour to the Royal visitors. St. Giles's Cathedral was the next object of interest inspected, where the improvements lately carried out through the liberality of ex-Lord Provost Chambers were pointed out. The Parliament House and the divisions of the Court of Session were also gone through. The Duke left Edinburgh for Archerfield, on a visit to Lady Mary Hamilton, and the Duchess returned to Hopetoun House.

Prince William of Prussia, eldest son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, arrived in London on Thursday week from the Continent. His Royal Highness was met at the Charing-cross station by Prince Christian, who accompanied him to the German Embassy, where Prince

William dined with Countess Marie Münster, and the next morning left for Cumberland Lodge, where his fiancée, Princess Victoria of Holstein-Augustenburg, is staying with Prince and Princess Christian. The marriage of Prince William and Princess Victoria is arranged to take place the 26th Feb. next.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

ITALY.

Baron Ricasoli, whose name is well known by reason of the prominent part which he took in the consolidation of the kingdom of Italy, died last Saturday night at Broglie. He was born in Tuscany in 1809.

At a reception of former Pontifical functionaries on Sunday at the Vatican, the Pope energetically reaffirmed his right to the temporal power, and described the recent fête in celebration of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome as accursed.

General Garibaldi was on Thursday week waited upon at Genoa by a large deputation of the French colony in that town, and, in reply to an address, said that Italian Democracy was united body and soul to Republican France. Accompanied by his family, General Garibaldi left Genoa last Saturday morning for San Damiano.

SPAIN.

The Queen attended a private thanksgiving mass in the chapel of the Royal Palace at Madrid on the 21st inst. This was her first appearance since her confinement. Her Majesty received a cordial greeting from the large number of distinguished personages who crowded the approaches to the chapel. With an imposing procession, comprising nineteen state carriages, drawn by seventy-four superb horses, and amid enthusiastic manifestations of loyalty on the part of the people, the King and Queen went yesterday week to the Atocha Church to present their infant daughter to the shrine of the Virgin. On Saturday the King and Queen held a reception at the palace, which was attended by representatives of all the great State corporations.

HOLLAND.

The Second Chamber of Parliament on Tuesday rejected, by a majority of forty-one against twenty, the proposal of five members of the clerical fractions for the resumption of capital punishment in the new penal code.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

In the speech with which the Emperor Francis Joseph on Monday opened the Delegations, after referring to the part which his Government had taken in regard to affairs in the East, he said that, as heretofore, his Government would make it their duty to keep the Monarchy out of complications, and will do their utmost for the maintenance of peace and treaty rights; but, under any circumstances, their first task will be the defence of Austro-Hungarian interests.

A Red Book has been published by the Austrian Government, containing diplomatic correspondence with reference to the Eastern Question from the middle of July to the end of August. Among other documents, it includes a copy of the telegram sent by the Austrian Ambassador in London to his own Government, detailing Lord Granville's conception of a Naval Demonstration.

GERMANY.

The Emperor and the Crown Prince, accompanied by Prince Henry, the second son of his Imperial Highness, arrived at Frankfort-on-Main on the 19th inst., and were present in the evening at the opening of the New Opera House. The Royal visitors were everywhere enthusiastically cheered. His Majesty has returned to Berlin.

Count Moltke on Tuesday completed his eightieth year.

Upwards of two hundred members of the German Economical Association met on the 21st inst. at the annual Congress in Berlin. A resolution was passed declaring the extension of the *surtaxe d'entrepôt* to be an injury to national economy.

DENMARK.

The final accounts of the Budget for the financial year 1879-80 show the total amount of the receipts to have reached forty-seven and a half millions of crowns, or a million and a quarter more than was calculated, while the expenses amounted to forty-four millions of crowns, leaving thus a surplus of three and a half millions of crowns. The balance in hand now amounts to thirty-three millions of crowns, a proof of the wonderfully favourable condition of the finances of this small country.

GREECE.

The Session of the Chamber of Deputies was opened on the 21st inst. by the King in person, who delivered a Speech from the Throne, in which, on the subject of the Turco-Greek frontier, he said that the execution of the decision of the Powers imposed action upon Greece, and that he was firmly resolved to effect, as speedily as possible, the object for which he had made great naval and military preparations.

By ninety-two votes against fifty-five the Chamber yesterday week elected the Opposition candidate as its President. The Ministry, regarding the matter as a Cabinet question, sent in their resignations to the King; and a new Ministry has been formed with M. Coumoundouros as President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

A Decree has been issued by the King, ordering the formation of fifty battalions of infantry, each of nine hundred and sixty men. The extraordinary reserves are to number ten thousand men, and their time of service is to be a year and a half.

RUSSIA.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that the German Imperial family have received formal notice of the Czar's marriage with the Princess Dolgorouki.

It is stated in a St. Petersburg telegram that the recent indisposition of the Czar was caused by a cold caught while his Majesty was holding a review in the rain, and that he is now completely recovered.

AMERICA.

President Hayes is visiting New Mexico and Arizona.

General Garfield, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, in receiving a deputation of negroes, said that the question of race was one of the most difficult which the country had to deal with. It had already caused a tremendous war; but the problem of slavery would not be solved until the freedmen had an equal chance of securing all the benefits of liberty which the best men of the country purposed giving them.

General Grant presided at a large Republican meeting at Utica on Monday, and in the course of a speech which he delivered on the occasion declared that he took part in the electoral campaign, contrary to his custom, because he could not bear to see the Government transferred to a party composed in great part of the men who had sought to destroy it.

General Grant continues addressing Republican meetings in New York State.

Mr. Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, spoke at a large Republican meeting on Tuesday.

The Democratic party held a meeting at New York on Tuesday, which was addressed by Generals McClellan and

Sickles, who subsequently reviewed a torchlight procession, in which 4000 veterans took part.

Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt arrived at New York on Tuesday night.

The fiery Sioux Chief Sitting Bull has announced his readiness to surrender to the United States Government, with whom he has been for so long at war

CANADA.

At a protracted Cabinet Council held at Ottawa on the 21st inst. the Pacific Railway contract was, it is understood, agreed to, and the Cabinet is said to be considering the expediency of summoning a Session of Parliament to ratify the contract.

A large number of shipping disasters occurred during the severe gale which raged off the coast of Nova Scotia on Saturday last.

SOUTH AFRICA.

According to the official report of the relief of Mafeteng by Brigadier-General Clarke, the losses on the colonial side were thirty-two killed and ten wounded. The Basutos are said to have occupied the country in Colonel Clarke's rear, and reinforcements are being sent to his assistance.

By the arrival of the Cape mail we have particulars of the first engagement between the Colonial forces and the Basutos. The latter it appears, fought with great pertinacity, but were finally forced to retire. They were armed with modern rifles, and displayed much strategical skill.

INDIA.

The *Civil and Military Gazette* of India, published at Lahore, reported from Peshawur that it was believed in that city that anarchy was reigning at Cabul, and that, according to general report, the Ameer had been murdered; but, down to Wednesday evening, the Government was not in possession of any positive news upon the subject.

A special telegram from the *Daily News* Correspondent at Meshed states that there is no foundation for the rumour of an insurrection at Herat.

Mount Vesuvius is showing increased activity.

Fresh depredations by the insurgent Kurds are reported from Teheran. Several villages have been destroyed.

A subsidy of 50,000 dollars has been voted by the Brazilian Legislature for the establishment of a line of steamers between Canada and Brazil.

The Agent-General for New South Wales has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship *La Hogue*, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in July last.

The weather in many parts of Europe has been very boisterous of late. Yesterday week a hurricane in Calabria was reported; and accounts from Copenhagen state that on Wednesday week a hurricane passed over Denmark, causing much damage to shipping in the port of Copenhagen, and totally destroying the inland telegraph lines.

The Provisional Assembly of Eastern Roumelia was formally opened on Monday by Aleko Pasha, the Governor-General. His Excellency, after announcing that several bills would be shortly submitted to the Assembly, said that the present peaceful condition of the country was the best pledge of a happy future in store for the province.

THE INTERNATIONAL BALLOON CONTEST.

An aeronautic match between an English and a French balloon took place on Thursday week, ascending together from the Crystal Palace, and coming down near Havant, or Hayling Island, on the shore of the Channel to the east of Portsmouth, after a flight of two hours, in order to save being carried down the Channel by a north-easterly wind. The Eclipse balloon was manned by Mr. T. Wright, the aeronaut, Mr. W. Cobb, photographer to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and a literary gentleman connected with the Central Press Association. It was engaged under the auspices of the Balloon Society of Great Britain, of which Mr. H. Le Fevre is President. The French balloon, which belonged to the Académie d'Aérostation Météorologique of Paris, was managed by M. de Fonvielle, with M. Perron, an artist, who were accompanied by Commander Cheyne, R.N., the advocate of an Arctic expedition, with the aid of linked balloons, to reach the North Pole. The French balloon was very much the larger, having a capacity of 42,000 cubic feet, while that of the English balloon was 28,000 ft. The former carried, however, the greater weight, the persons in its car weighing jointly 34 stone, and the apparatus, stores, and instruments 10 cwt., against 30 stone and 6 cwt. in the English balloon car.

Among the spectators at the start were Captain Burnaby, Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., Mr. Le Fevre, and several practical aeronauts, Mr. H. Coxwell, Mr. Adams, of Manchester, Mr. Jackson, of Derby, and Mr. Whelan, of Manchester. Sergeant-Major Cartwheel and assistants, of the Royal Engineers, were posted on the top of the north tower of the Crystal Palace, to take correct observations. Our own artist, Mr. T. B. Murray, was in the same position to make his sketch of "the start." There was snow lying on the ground, which rather enhanced the strange effect of the scene; the temperature in the upper air fell to 32 deg. by four o'clock. The wind was from east-north-east, and tolerably strong, which carried the two balloons west-south-west, usually a mile or two from each other. The English balloon kept at heights varying from time to time, but ranging between 2600 ft. and 4200 ft., generally above 3000 ft. The French balloon rose higher, but descended first, at Bedhampton, Long Island, near Havant, where it stuck in the mud of the shore below high-water mark, at a quarter past five o'clock. The English balloon came down five minutes later, in Castney field, land belonging to Mr. J. Hoare, near North Hayling. This was about two miles from where the French balloon alighted. Our Illustration of "the finish" is drawn with the assistance of those who were in the car of the balloon. In order to prevent being carried down the broad expanse of Langston Harbour to the sea, Mr. Wright had to open his valve and discharge his gas for the descent very suddenly. In coming down with extreme rapidity, the balloon passed through clouds of ballast-sand, which it had thrown out not long before; and the appearance of this, to the persons in the car, was just as if the sand were rising around them. The two balloons are to be exhibited at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, where a series of lectures on ballooning will be delivered. On Friday evening, at a meeting of the Balloon Society of Great Britain, the aeronauts engaged in the international contest gave accounts of their voyages, but it was not found possible, owing to topographical difficulties, to award the prize at present. M. Perron and De Fonvielle were elected honorary members of the society.

The Police Commissioners have awarded a gratuity of £2 to Police-constable Mooney, who had a severe encounter with burglars at Park Villa, Westcombe Park, Blackheath, on the morning of Monday, the 11th inst. The officer was shot by one of the housebreakers and stunned by a blow from another.

NOVELS.

Reviewers are personally interested in *The Wellfields*, by Jessie Fothergill (Richard Bentley and Son), whether they may have to read it in the way of business or not. The author, who makes it abundantly evident in the course of the three volumes that, in her opinion, severe, uncompromising criticism is not only justifiable and even commendable in the case of painters, musicians, singers, and many other folks, seems to think, so charmingly ingenuous is her disposition, that novelists and story-tellers should be exempt from review, or else that no notice should be taken of what the reviewers say. She has probably, as most writers have, been a little roughly handled now and then by the reviewing fraternity, and she thus vents her spleen upon them by the agency of one of her characters, an imaginary Miss Shuttleworth, who remarks: "Why do you and John and your father persist in reading reviews? The book stupid! As likely as not it was the reviewer who was stupid. I know them. It is a very clever book, but of course if you read that review of it, it would spoil it for you. I do wish I could cure you of reading reviews. It spoils one's pleasure so, and does not the least good." From which it is pretty plain that Miss Shuttleworth would only object to reviews when the reviewers differed from Miss Shuttleworth in her estimate of a certain work. At any rate, it is satisfactory to know, on Miss Shuttleworth's authority, that people do read and are influenced by reviews, notwithstanding her somewhat contradictory assertion that to read reviews "does not the least good." For, undoubtedly, if the poor reviewer should happen for once to be right in condemning a book as "stupid" and so preventing the readers of his review from undergoing torment or incurring disappointment, it cannot be truthfully affirmed that he "does not the least good." However, as regards the novel under consideration, few reviewers are likely to speak very harshly of it. It is a decidedly readable story, written with considerable force and feeling in many parts; it is seldom or never dull, and the style is remarkable for sprightliness and vivacity. It may not be so clever a tale as "The First Violin" or as "Probation," the author's previously published romances; but it is almost as agreeable as either of them. It is, of course, saturated with German; and, whatever objection may be made on general principles to this saturating process, the objection may be readily answered and even dismissed as unfounded on the ground that nothing could possibly be more effectual for the desirable purpose of intensifying the local colouring and keeping the mixture of foreign and English life and society continually in view. Of inventiveness there is very little, in the plot or the personages or the incidents; but some of the situations, though they have no claim to be considered novel, are invested with a great deal of interest. How a ladies' hero, the irresistible gentleman with the deep eloquent eyes, the elegant figure, and the melodious voice, but with a regard for the main chance, deserted the woman he loved for the woman whose wealth he loved still more, because it would win him back his paternal acres, is really the whole of the story. He came, saw, and conquered in both cases; and in both cases it was chiefly his musical magic, instrumental and vocal, which sealed the victim's fate. In one of the cases there was certainly a rescue also, the musical gentleman displaying an unexpected strength of wrist, great presence of mind, and some readiness of resource, in the stoppage of two runaway ponies; but this is an incident which has so often been turned to account by novelists that it is scarcely worthy of employment any longer as a device for promoting a matrimonial match between the rescued and the rescuer. An insidious Jesuit glides, like a snake, through the story, and performs a part in conformity with the character popularly attributed to his order; but, though the hero and his son and his lands apparently fall at last under the power of the Jesuits, the interest of the tale, whatever may have been the author's intention, derives only very slight support from the way in which the Jesuitical machinations are developed.

Ingenuity is exhibited to a very high degree in that volume of the "Modern Foreign Library," edited by Henri Van Laun, which is entitled *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, from the French of C. Debans, by Evelyn Jerrold (J. C. Nimmo and Bain); and the ingenuity is even excelled by the romance and pathos. The story has a melodramatic tinge in parts; but it is, on the whole, romantic and touching rather than anything else; startling, indeed, and even horrible here and there, but, given an average amount of credulity on the reader's part, profoundly interesting. Possibly to an English reader the legal proceedings in connection with a criminal charge will appear monstrous and incredible, and the manner in which the hero accomplishes his self-sacrifice utterly impracticable and revolting to common sense; but they manage these things differently in France, it must be remembered. And a more thoroughly French tale, with its mixture of gaiety and misery, recklessness and rectitude, crime and purity, extravagant folly and deep sentiment, improbability and matter of fact, tragic complication and idyllic simplicity, was surely seldom written. The fundamental conception is beautiful; the drunken Bohemian, the wild genius, who might be foremost among successful painters, but prefers to lie in the gutter, a moral wreck at fifty years of age, tracing his ruin in his youth to the wiles of some venal Delilah, and all but reclaimed in his disgraceful prime by his unselfish love for a blameless girl, who cannot love him until he is dead, and for whom he gladly sacrifices both life and fame. And let nobody suppose that the debaucheries of the Bohemian are the burden of the tale and are described in the style which has made French fiction accursed among us English; they are not described at all, beyond an occasional drinking-bout; they are barely hinted at just once or twice, and the moral tone is as wholesome as a breeze from the sea. The central incident, which is believed to have been suggested by a well-known fact, makes a very large demand, nevertheless, upon credulity. There are two brothers, twins, so exactly alike that even the wife of one of them mistakes him for the other, and even denounces him as a scoundrel and probably a murderer. It is true that the circumstances under which she does so are peculiar, and that she is speedily convinced of her error, but not so speedily as might have been expected from the fact that a drunken artist could detect a distinguishing difference of expression between the two, and that a dog persistently declined to have one palmed off upon him for the other. It is humiliating, if not surprising, for us who are of the human race to think that a dog should be a safer witness to identity than a man's own wife, and that a bibulous painter should at a glance discover an identifying and discriminating expression unobserved during years of connubial bliss by a man's own better half. But then a dog is supposed to use another organ than the eye for purposes of identification: and it might be worth while for mankind to cultivate the dog's faculty. The blind are said to have carried the cultivation of it to remarkable perfection. However, to return to the story. One of the twins, who is very poor, with a wife and a pretty daughter on the point of starving in his company, goes to beg for help from the other, who is a bachelor with a good annuity, and who drops down dead of apoplexy at the very moment of the supplication.

Now, the annuity would cease, and the surviving twin, having no inheritance to hope for, conceives the bright idea of changing clothes with the dead man, and passing himself off for the annuitant, to save a wife and daughter from beggary. He manages to deceive everybody, except that intelligent dog with the unerring nose, deceiving his wife, his daughter, his friends, his enemies. But, behold, the punishment for his sacrilegious personation at once begins: his wife had excellent reasons for refusing to accept anything from the deceased, and therefore refuses to touch her husband's gifts or to have anything to do with him. Then it becomes suspected that the deceased had committed at least one murder and obtained his money by foul and murderous means; and so the personator finds himself on his trial for murder, with his wife appearing against him, and, for some time, refusing to acknowledge him as her husband. Now the daughter is beloved, in the hopeless way in which a goddess might be loved by a mortal man, by the drunken Bohemian, a painter equal to Zeuxis; and he, to save her father and her family's honour, devotes himself, without her knowledge, to the task of getting himself tried and found guilty of the murder aforesaid. All this part of the story will appear extremely wild and unreal to the English reader; but the closing scene is very naturally, effectively, simply, pathetically described. And throughout the narrative there is a succession of striking and affecting events, hard to realise sometimes, but dramatically and skilfully handled. It is really worth while to read the book, which, though the translation betrays occasional signs of imperfection, is translated with much spirit and quite well enough for the purpose.

Gentlemen who are known to write works of fiction for the sake of propagating certain views concerning political and social subjects are liable to have even their most purposeless novels ransacked for evidence of some didactic design; and, therefore, the two volumes entitled *Lisa Lena*, by Edward Jenkins (Sampson Low and Co.), will undoubtedly be read, if at all, under a belief that they are intended to inculcate some particular social or political doctrines. The result is likely to be profound disappointment; for it will be impossible for readers with no more than the ordinary powers of seeing into a stone wall to discover from the two volumes what the author's design may have been, if he had any other than the professional novelist's, which, to speak roughly and generally, is to amuse. A number of more or less startling adventures are loosely strung together; some few pleasing and a great many displeasing characters are introduced; several disagreeable topics are discussed, with illustrative examples; the immoral phases of life, especially among circus-riders, their friends and patrons, are dwelt upon and presented in a strong light; and nothing particular comes of it all, unless it be that the writer shows indications of being able, should it seem worth his while, or should he have the time to spare for getting himself into training, to write a really impressive novel in really eloquent and adequate language, without the overstrained, rhapsodical utterances which occasionally disfigure his style. The author—for what reason is, of course, best known to himself—seems to have felt called upon to pay a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Heenan, the notorious prizefighter, whose heroic encounter with Mr. Sayers will never be forgotten in "fistic" circles or as long as there is a public-house where "Fistiana is kept at the bar," and he goes so far out of his way to pay that tribute that, though the American professor, or at any rate exponent, of the "noble art" has absolutely nothing to do with the course of the story, and might be omitted without the slightest detriment, if not to great advantage, a notable anachronism or parochialism, is boldly confronted for the sake of the introduction. Not that anachronism is of any consequence in a work of fiction, if anything is to be gained thereby; but gratuitous anachronism, totally unnecessary for the development of events, is better avoided, if only because it produces an impression of general carelessness. However, let that pass. The story resolves itself into an autobiography, containing the life and adventures of an American girl, who is supposed to have been born at San Francisco; to have been removed by her parents, people of wealth and position, to Alabama; to have lost her father, and to have been abandoned by her apparently affectionate but by no means admirable, though handsome, mother at the early age of some eight years, towards the close of the American Civil War; to have gone, mere babe as she was, into the service of a sour couple, a farmer and his wife, who endeavoured to instil religious and other principles into her with the help of a leather strap; to have very naturally, under such circumstances, taken a dislike to religion and all its works; to have run away from her tormentors and from their less hateful successors, and to have ultimately entered upon public life as a "trapezist," like Zazel and others, in which capacity she goes through a great many experiences, such as a comely young woman, who dresses in "tights" and hangs head downwards from a suspended stick, is likely to be exposed to, as writers of fiction have already made known, among vicious professional brethren and equally vicious but wealthier patrons. The way in which she is represented to have been entrapped into a marriage is atrocious, but by no means new; nor is it described with much skill or delicacy. At last the "restless acrobat" escapes from "artistic" life, which, of course, means anything but "proper" life, and becomes a well-behaved, refined, even saintly member of society, so long as her antecedents can be kept concealed, waiting for the still better life of the world to come. Edifying, however, as her end is, her history cannot be regarded as an example for her sisters in the acrobatic art; few of them can hope to emerge so miraculously from the overwhelming flood of iniquity, any more than they can hope to possess the spell she exercised over huge mastiffs and savage tigers, or to see such a sight as she saw when the dog Dragon took her part and fought in defence of her life against the vicious horse Jeshurun. This fight is the most original incident in the book, though it is run hard, at any rate as regards credibility, by the fight between Lisa and the tiger; if, indeed, as the tiger might have said, "rixia est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tuum."

Desultory novels are by no means uncommon, and to that class belongs *The Lady Resident*, by Hamilton Page (Macmillan and Co.), a novel contained in three volumes overladen with characters and scenes and discourse having little or nothing to do with the main business of the story. In this way the interest is grievously but inevitably weakened, however amusingly and cleverly the extraneous matter may be handled; however lifelike may be the pictures of children and their manners; however true to reality, as well as entertaining, may be the descriptions of the fashion in which affairs are managed at a ladies' college, and of the appearance presented and the lectures delivered by the professors engaged to train the minds of the young ladies. The personage from whom the novel takes its title has not so much to do with the course of events as might have been expected from the prominence assigned to her upon the title-page; and it is scarcely too much to say that she might disappear altogether from the pages without causing the reader

to be sensible of an omission; but she is, nevertheless, an excellent conception, consistently worked out, and the mistake whereby she becomes elected to her high position by the managers of the college is one of the best things in the book, a mistake which places the managers, a body of ladies, of whom the more active are the more jealous by reason of age and ugliness, in the vexatious position of finding that they have been misled by a surreptitiously, not to say dishonestly, procured photograph into electing a beautiful creature of six-and-twenty instead of a very different sort of person. It is to be feared, indeed, that the author, though apparently well disposed towards the higher education of women, shows throughout the book an inclination to satirise ladies' management of ladies' colleges. Nor can it be said that the introduction of the subject was necessary for the development of the story, or that the heroine's fortunes are so ingeniously connected with the great question of the day that cause and effect could not be satisfactorily explained without it. The heroine certainly, at the very outset, expresses a strong desire to go to college, certainly goes to college, certainly takes up her abode with "the Lady Resident," and certainly, whilst she is there, makes the acquaintance which is to determine her fate; but the incidents which precede and follow that acquaintance might just as well have happened had there never been any college or any "Lady Resident," and, in fact, are fundamentally the very same that novelists were accustomed to enlist in their service long before there was such a place as a "Ladies' College" or such a person as a "Lady Resident." The novel, therefore, cannot be considered to fulfil the expectation which it seems to hold out at the first commencement; it does not show how a course of training at a "Ladies' College" exercised an influence, for good or evil, upon a young girl's existence, moulding her into some particular type of intellectual, moral, sentimental, and physical phenomenon. Perhaps, however, the very object was to prove that a girl's a girl "for a that," and that, the "higher education" to the contrary notwithstanding, "it is love that makes the world go round." Indeed, such is the inference to be drawn when we are told that the heroine bears her love-sorrows "just like any other girl who has not been to a college, and has never learnt Latin." But it is clear that, to make the doctrine and example of any value, the heroine should have been placed in situations which to have been to a college and to have learnt Latin had contributed inevitably to bring about, and in which those two conditions would be likely to produce a conflict of feelings. However, let readers determine for themselves whether the novel demonstrates or illustrates anything of the kind; whether the same story might not have been told without a word about colleges, and whether it would not have been much more interesting without the multiplicity of petty details.

According to the most unimpeachable authority, even the divine Homer sometimes nods, and, therefore, if the reader of *Just as I Am*, by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" (John and Robert Maxwell), should fail to detect the charm of story-telling for which that author is justly celebrated, there will be more reason for simple regret than for ingenuous wonder. Writers cannot always put together stories in such fashion as to keep readers on the tiptoe of expectation through three long volumes, and in the present instance it is to be feared that the construction is looser than ordinary patience can tolerate, and looseness of construction is especially fatal to interest in the case of a novelist whose great strength lies rather in the clever invention and arrangement of incidents than in profound studies of mankind or in literary composition. The fact is that "Just as I Am" recalls to mind the saying about "three single gentlemen rolled into one." It contains several stories, none very powerful or amusing or touching—connected together, indeed, but so very slightly that they might without much difficulty be separated and published each under its own title instead of the form which it has seemed good to adopt. The murder, too, which is the cardinal incident, is of a kind which, though it may appear very effective to the inexperienced, is likely to strike the veteran novel-reader as a dull, trite, common-place device. If tales are to be founded upon crime, they should have something of novelty and ingenuity to recommend them either in itself or in the mode of treatment. But it can scarcely be said that there is anything new in the conception of a murder committed out a-hunting by a jealous husband of high rank upon one who had been his friend from youth upwards, of a love affair between the children of the murdered man and the murderer, of a contemplated marriage between those children first forbidden, then permitted, and ultimately broken off, and of a tardy confession on the part of the aristocratic murderer when a "common fellow" has already suffered for the deed. Nor is it certain that, upon the present occasion, the ordinary nature of the occurrences is redeemed by extraordinary excellence in the handling. It is true that the poor man who suffers for what he did not do is represented as belonging to that singular class of unhappy beings who, for the sake of a meal and a night's lodging, or from a feeling of blank despair, or from some queer motive influential with queer humanity, make false confession of murders committed years ago, and that so far a certain originality is imparted to the situation. But the main course of the story would have been much the same without any false confession. To discover the murderer—a feat which a keen-scented reader may be expected to accomplish by anticipation very early in the first volume—is undoubtedly the chief business of the novel, and when this is done there is absolutely nothing to detain one over the pages. Yet, strange to say, the title seems to refer to quite a subordinate matter and to a very subordinate personage, though she does finally marry the hero; and the moral of the story, so far as the title and the story bear one upon the other, appears to be the good old doctrine that a lover should marry his lady-love, with all her vulgar relatives in her wake to tax his nerves and plague him drearily. But really, when one sees how many shop-girls seem to be perfectly refined and ladylike in manner and language, it does not appear to be absolutely necessary that the charming girl of a novel who marries "above her" should have a set of relatives steeped in vulgarity; and if novelists would take this view it might tend to smooth the way for many worthy heroes and heroines. One word must be said about the capability displayed both by author and characters to discourse at any length, however great, upon any topic, however small: it amounts almost to genius.

Messrs. Vizetelly and Co., of Southampton-street, Strand, have published a useful little work, entitled "Warnings to Housekeepers," which contains 130 hints and precautions concerning safety, health, and comfort in our dwellings; and near its close is given a long list of works on health and sanitation.

Mr. William Hayward, who was for many years honorary Master of the Carnarvonshire Hounds, has been presented by the subscribers to the hunt with a massive silver centrepiece; and Mrs. Hayward with a diamond suite. Captain Wynn Griffith succeeds Mr. Hayward as master.—Mr. Walter Long resigns the Mastership of the Hambledon Hounds at the end of the season.



THE LANDSLIP AT NAINI TAL, AFTER THE FALL.
FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. L. J. GRAHAM.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

RECENT TRAVEL IN ALBANIA.

A volume just published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. is "Albania, a Narrative of Recent Travel," by Mr. E. F. Knight, Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple. He visited that country about this time last year, accompanied by three friends, whom he calls "Brown, Jones, and Robinson." They spent October and November in rambling about the border region of Montenegro and Albania, and the shores of the Lake of Scutari, as far as Dulcigno and the river Boyana, and the inland districts. We want just now all the information we can get about this region, especially of the highland parts of Northern Albania remote from the seacoast. Mr. Knight contrived to talk a good deal, in such a mixture of broken languages as was at command, with different classes and races of native people. He tells us little of the Montenegrins, their abode, habits, and institutions, beyond what we have often heard or read before. He only went up from Cattaro to Cettinje, stayed a day or two, without calling on Prince Nikita, and descended by Rieka to the Lake of Scutari, which he crossed in a boat to the Albanian or Turkish town of that name. Down to this point his travels present not much of novelty, though his narrative is, from the first, sufficiently entertaining, and his descriptions of the scenery of the Dalmatian coast and of the quaint old Italian seaport towns, now belonging to Austria, are as good as those given by most preceding writers. They are illustrated by six or eight rather effective wood engravings.

Our own Special Artist, Mr. R. C. Woodville, with the co-operation of Mr. Athol Mayhew, our Special Correspondent, has already furnished, as he will continue to do, many Albanian sketches, and notices of the country and people. But we can also recommend Mr. Knight's account of these subjects to the attention of those readers who are desirous of all they can meet with to satisfy an intelligent curiosity aroused by the exciting events of this year. The town of Scutari, which is the capital of the Turkish province, having belonged to the Sultan just 400 years, is "a dingy, dilapidated, bankrupt sort of place." It reminded the author of Cremorne seen by daylight, when its rickety, tumbling edifices, with their broken plaster decorations, mouldy and destitute of paint, had a very shabby appearance. There is an old Venetian fortress on the summit of a lofty rock, but the town stands on a "flat promontory formed by the Boyana, which takes off the waters of the lake to the Adriatic, and another river, which flows into the lake after having crossed the plain between Scutari and the mountains of Biskassi." If the place had an aspect of melancholy decay, the people had a dissipated, unkempt, haggard, and half-starved look, with a savage fierceness in their eyes. "Every man we met, kilted Mussulman or white-clad Arnaut, was armed to the teeth." This is not a strictly correct way of speaking; and Mr. Knight commits the same blunder in other instances, where he applies the name "Arnauts" exclusively to the professedly Christian or non-Mussulman tribes of Albania. It is the name generally given in Turkey to the whole native race of Albania, who call themselves "Skipetars." They are supposed to be identical, as Mr. Knight remarks, with the ancient Pelasgi, and their occupation of the country dates from a period earlier than the commencement of Greek history.

"One cannot be long," he testifies, "among the Arnauts without perceiving that they are evidently of an ancient and noble race, to which the Montenegrin and other Slav races will bear no comparison. The polite manners, the delicacy of perception and tact of these otherwise savage mountaineers are very pleasant. Fierce and cruel as foes, reckless of life, they are yet splendid friends—faithful, knowing not what treachery is; truthful, virtuous; hospitable, jovial companions, abstemious as a rule, yet not disinclined on grand occasions to pass the cheering raki freely round. The men have splendid skulls, lofty and broad brows, and small, delicately-moulded features; the women are the most beautiful in Eastern Europe; the children are lovely—they have large solemn eyes and splendid mouths, slightly turned down at the sides, with a singularly sweet and thoughtful expression. They are supposed to be of a purer race than the modern Greeks, and from the uniformly classic features of the people, I should be inclined to adopt this view."

But this handsome race of people, with many fine moral qualities, have an excessive propensity to the crime of murder. The Christians are just as bad as the Mussulmans in that respect. Mr. Knight tells some remarkably strong stories of homicidal extravagance at Scutari, and of the high social esteem allowed to its exemplary professors, such as "Bektsé Tchotché," or Bekir Kyochi, the greatest bully in that town. It seems to us that the Lieutenant of Turkish gendarmes, though himself a native Scutarine of the Roman Catholic creed, whom Mr. Knight and his companions had met on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, was a very questionable local informant. The stories which he told them were scarcely deserving of credit; and they would have done well to eschew his personal introduction to the Albanian notables, whom he charged with such monstrous crimes. We learn also how Nik Leka, the friendly chieftain of the mountains, sheared off a man's head in the bazaar at Scutari. Pride and revenge are the ordinary motives to such ferocious actions, rather than cupidity; for the Skipetars are not commonly robbers, but their tribal and family feuds are endless. We are constantly reminded of what the Scottish Highlanders used to be much less than two hundred years ago; and so probably the Irish and Welsh at a remoter period. It seems that the Turkish Government exercises no civil rule over the Albanians, except in the chief towns. There are a few small military posts, but the Zapties, or police, dare not go into the wilder mountain districts. The Arnauts, both Mohammedans and Catholics, really enjoy a great degree of rude freedom; and the Christians in North Albania, being the stronger and fiercer party, suffer no particular oppression. This is a very different state of things evidently from that which was complained of in Bulgaria and Armenia. It would be a complete misconception to imagine that any part of the population, in this province, are groaning under the tyranny of the Sultan, and longing to be delivered by annexation either to Montenegro, or to Austria, or in the southern region to Greece. Those who confess their need of civilising discipline would tell the foreign visitors that they wish to be placed under English or French Government. But they do not half mean it, and this is a mere form of compliment often used by poor Oriental folk.

The real grievance felt in Albania, we suppose, is the burden of military conscription and war taxation imposed by the late contest with Russia. Local and occasional revolts against the Turkish rule are probably on this account not unfrequent. The formidable Albanian League, however, which came into existence since the Treaty of Berlin, or rather since the Austrian conquest of Bosnia, was inspired by a resolution, in the first place, to defend the integrity of the Albanian territory. As a member of the League at Scutari told Mr. Knight, "The dogs of Montenegro, the Servian and Greek swine, all wish to steal a portion of Albania; but, praise be to Allah! we are strong; the Albanians are brave, and guns and ammunition are not

wanting." The latter phase of this patriotic movement, in consequence of the formal consent of Turkey to give up one or another piece of country to Montenegro, has come to be a demand for Albanian political independence. This claim was expressed by the same leader as follows:—"The Turks! what do they do for us? Tax us, rob us—that is all. These effeminate Pashas, these farmers of customs, can they defend us or protect us? No; they have sold us to the cursed Giaours of the Karadagh (Montenegro). I tell you, we will have the Turk no more; the chiefs of the League have sworn it. Independence has been given to Montenegro—to Bulgaria; Albania shall have her independence, and the Great Powers shall recognise us. If not, we care not. Leave us alone; that is enough for us."

These passages, with many other anecdotes to the same effect, show the political drift of Mr. Knight's report of the actual condition of Albania and the temper of that high-spirited though semi-barbarous nation. It is just the same with the "Christian" tribes, who are Roman Catholics, under Italian missionary influences, as with the most fanatical Mohammedans; though the latter are often called "Turks" by their Christian neighbours. They are all equally hostile to the Slavs of the Greek or Orthodox Church; and we are led to believe that a foreign intervention, to force any portion of these Albanian people into a detested union with their hereditary foes, would be attended with the greatest mischief. It is for this reason that the statements made in the volume now before us deserve remark and consideration at the present crisis of affairs.

At the time when Mr. Knight and his companions were in Albania, the national Defence League was assembled at Gushinje, mustering a large armed force, under Ali Bey, to resist the proposed Montenegrin occupation of Gushinje and Plava. The cession of that district, which lies at the head of the Lim valley, on the eastern frontier of Montenegro, had been arranged by the Congress of Berlin. The Turkish Government sent Mahomet Ali to persuade the Albanians, whose League was then sitting at Jakova, that they should allow the cession to be carried out. They answered by killing the Sultan's Chief Commissioner, and by acts of open rebellion. Their attitude was so determined that the European Powers agreed to alter the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, and to substitute for Gushinje and Plava some of the districts lying between Podgoritzia and the Lake of Scutari. But this alternative project was not less fiercely opposed by the Clementi and other Catholic tribes, who dwell in the neighbouring mountains, and who would have been deprived by it of the only pasture for their cattle or fields to grow their food. It seems quite evident that, in both instances, the European Conferences had perpetrated enormous blunders, from ignorance of local conditions; and that it would have been grossly unjust, and extremely cruel, to insist upon their decisions. Mr. Knight and one of his travelling friends, whom he calls by the name of "Jones," but whom we are perhaps able to recognise, attempted to get up to Gushinje, while the Albanian League was there. But as they had, just before, visited the Montenegrin head-quarters at Podgoritzia, of which the Albanians were informed, it was a somewhat indiscreet attempt. They had already been warned by the British Consul-General, Mr. Kirby Green, that if they went to Podgoritzia they must not think of afterwards going to Prisrend, the seat of the Albanian League. But they set off, in Mr. Green's absence, for Gushinje. As was to be expected, they ran no small risk of being put to death as spies. They went up the highlands in company with the Boulim-bashi, or consular agent of the Clementi tribe, and were very hospitably received at Castrati, and at Seltz, the chief hamlet of the Clementi, both by the native chiefs and by the Italian missionaries of the Franciscan Order. All this part of Mr. Knight's narrative has great freshness of interest, with the personal adventures of our two countrymen and descriptions of the wild mountain scenery and life and manners of the Arnaut highlanders. The author and "Jones" were disappointed, however, in their hope of being permitted to enter Gushinje. The Albanian League there, having been apprised of their approach, would not let them come except as hostages, with a pledge that the Montenegrin army should withdraw in three days. The Englishmen, of course, were unable to give this pledge, and had to go back to Scutari, not without some danger of assassination. They had slept in a lonely hut at Gropia, three hours' journey from the Clementi mission-house at Seltz, and two hours from Gushinje. Father John, the kind and merry Piedmontese monk or friar, in concert with the brother of Nik Leka, had been corresponding and negotiating with Ali Bey, on behalf of the English visitors. They were all breakfasting together in the hut, when two armed men from Gushinje suddenly entered, and declared that Ali Bey would see the Englishmen outside Gushinje, but would not admit them into the town. Mr. Knight and Mr. Jones were to go there with them. It was a very suspicious mode of invitation. The worthy priest, speaking in Latin, advised our friends not to go with those fellows, who had a score of their comrades waiting outside, and meant at once to kill our countrymen. "Ille homo," said he, "dixit ad alium, Nunc est tempus intercidere illos homines." They had, in fact, come, with a pretended message from Ali Bey, on purpose to entice the strangers away from the Clementi, and then to slay them. It was fortunate that Father John was present to warn the author and his companion of this treacherous design, and that they refused such a perilous escort. The master of the hut, also, one of the Clementi, stood up manfully to protect his guests, or this story might have had a tragical ending. We are very glad that they got home in safety.

THE NAINI TAL DISASTER.

The terrible catastrophe of Sept. 18 at Naini Tal or Nynee Tal, a favourite place of summer residence in the hills of Kumaon, north of Bareilly, in Northern India, was fully narrated in this Journal several weeks ago. Forty Englishmen and Englishwomen perished, amongst whom were Mr. Leonard Taylor, Assistant Commissioner, Bengal Civil Service; Colonel Taylor, R.E.; Major Morphy, 40th Regiment; Mrs. Morphy, and Mrs. Turnbull; Captain Balderstone, 34th Regiment; Captain H. S. Haynes, R.E.; Captain Goodridge, 35th Native Infantry, Surgeon-Major Hannah, Lieutenants Carmichael, 33rd, and Sullivan, Halkett, and Robinson, 73rd Regiment; the Rev. A. Robinson, Chaplain; Mr. Bell, of Naini Tal; Mr. G. H. Noad, of the police; Mr. W. Morgan, road overseer; and several clerks and assistants in Mr. Bell's shop. It will be remembered that the earth on the side of the steep hill, at the west end of the lake, had been loosened by several days' incessant rain; and on the night of the 17th there was a partial landslip, carrying away a portion of the Victoria Hotel. Nine native servants and one young English child were buried in the ruins. A working party of the Royal Engineers, under the orders of Mr. Leonard Taylor, Assistant Commissioner in charge of the station, helped by several officers and gentlemen, was engaged all the morning, on the 18th, in clearing away the earth and remains

of the building, in order to get out the dead bodies. The shop of Messrs. Bell and Sons, a large double-storied building, stood about three hundred yards below the esplanade or terrace where the Victoria Hotel was situated; and seventy yards lower down, on the margin of the lake, were the Assembly Rooms, comprising the library, theatre, ball-room, and other apartments. The second and greater landslip, a few minutes before two in the afternoon, brought down an enormous mass of earth, overwhelming all these buildings together, and causing the death of nearly three hundred persons. Indeed, very few escaped of the working party, English and native soldiers and labourers, or of the ladies and gentlemen who had remained in the hotel and the houses below. We have received from Major G. F. I. Graham, of the Bengal Staff Corps, a sketch drawn by Mrs. Graham, which presents a very striking view of the appearance of the landslip immediately after it fell.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Bengal, Sir George Cooper, supported by the Chief Justice, Sir Robert Stuart, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir H. Ramsay, Commissioner of Kumaon, and many influential gentlemen, have formed a committee to collect subscriptions and afford relief to the relatives of those killed. They have requested Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., of Cornhill and Pall-mall, and Messrs. Grindlay and Co., of Parliament-street, Indian agents and bankers, to collect subscriptions for the committee at Naini Tal.

Lord Yarborough has made an abatement of 15 per cent to his tenancy from their Michaelmas rent in consideration of the continued depression in agriculture. The Earl of Rosse, Birr Castle, has made a reduction of twenty-five per cent on the current half-year's rents to the distressed portion of his tenancy, and in some cases his Lordship has forgiven all arrears.—The Hon. Mrs. Bingham has given a reduction of forty per cent to the tenants on her North Tipperary estate.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN NOVEMBER.

(From the *Illustrated London Almanack*.)

The Moon is near Mars on the 2nd, the day of New Moon; near to both Mercury and Venus on the 4th, to Jupiter in the night hours of the 12th and early morning hours of the 13th, and also in the night hours of the 13th and early morning hours of the 14th. She is near Saturn in the night hours of the 13th and morning hours of the 14th, being situated to the right of the planet, and also in the night hours of the 14th, and morning hours of the 15th, being to the left of the planet. She is nearest the earth on the evening of the 4th, and most distant from it on the evening of the 20th. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the 2nd at 55 min. after 3h. in the afternoon.
First Quarter " 9th, " 20 " 8 " morning.
Full Moon " 16th, " 39 " 8 " afternoon.
Last Quarter " 25th, " 5 " 2 " morning.

Mercury sets on the 3rd at 5h. 7m. p.m., on the 8th at 5h. 1m. p.m., on the 13th at 4h. 50m. p.m., on the 18th at 4h. 31m. p.m., and on the 23rd at 4h. 7m. p.m., being 40 minutes, 42 minutes, 39 minutes, 26 minutes, and 8 minutes respectively after sunset on these days. On the 25th he sets at sunset, and after this day he sets in daylight. He rises at sunrise on the 23rd, and at 6h. 35m. a.m., or 1h. 6m. before sunrise, on the 28th. He is at his greatest elongation (23 deg. 14 min.) on the 2nd, near the Moon on the 4th, stationary among the stars on the 13th, in his ascending node on the 21st, in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 23rd, at his least distance from the Sun on the 25th, and near Mars on the 28th.

Venus is an evening star. She sets on the 6th at 5h. 40m. p.m., or 1h. 18m. after sunset; on the 16th at 5h. 43m. p.m., or 1h. 36m. after sunset; and on the 26th at 5h. 58m. p.m., or 2h. 2m. after the Sun has set. She is near the Moon on the 4th, and at her greatest distance from the Sun on the 14th.

Mars is a morning star, rising on the 6th at 6h. 43m. a.m., or 23 minutes before sunrise; on the 16th at 6h. 43m. a.m., or 39 minutes before sunrise; and on the 26th at 6h. 44m. a.m. or 55 minutes before the Sun. He is due south on the 1st at 11h. 36m. a.m., on the 15th at 11h. 19m. a.m., and on the last day at 11h. 2m. a.m. He is near the Moon on the 2nd, and in descending node on the 26th.

Jupiter sets on the 7th at 3h. 56m. a.m., on the 17th at 3h. 12m. a.m., and on the 27th at 2h. 31m. a.m. He is due south on the 1st at 11h. 59m. a.m., and on the last day at 7h. 57m. p.m. He is near the Moon on the 13th.

Saturn sets on the 7th at 5h. 6m. a.m., or 2 hours before sunrise, on the 17th at 4h. 22m. a.m., and on the 27th at 3h. 40m. a.m. He is due south on the 1st at 10h. 48m. p.m., in the middle of the month at 9h. 49m. p.m., and on the last day at 8h. 47m. p.m. He is near the Moon on the 14th.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENTLEY AND SON.	J. MURRAY.
Adam and Eve. By Mrs. Parr. 3 vols.	Japan: Its History, Traditions, and Religious. With the Narrative of a Visit in 1879. By Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations.
BLACKWOOD AND SONS.	Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. An Account of Travels in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikko and Isé. By Miss Isabella L. Bird. 2 vols. With Illustrations.
The Organisation of Our Sabbath Schools. By the Rev. D. Miller.	NISBET AND CO.
BOGUE.	The Lonely Island; or, the Refuge of the Mutineers. By R. M. Ballantyne. With Illustrations.
The Byron Birthday Book. Compiled and Edited by James Burrows.	RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.	My New Toy-Book. Twenty-four Coloured Engravings.
Bethlehem to Olivet. A Course of Lessons on the Life of Jesus Christ. By John Palmer.	Pictures from the German Fatherland. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. Samuel G. Green.
HODDER AND STOUGHTON.	Words of Friendly Counsel About Turning to God. By the Rev. Geo. Everard.
Health Studies. A Third Course of Lectures Delivered in the Lecture-hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. By Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson.	ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.
HURST AND BLACKETT.	Dalziel's Bible Gallery. Illustrations from the Old Testament. From Original Drawings. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.
An Actor Abroad; or, Gossip Dramatic, Narrative and Descriptive, from the Recollections of an Actor in Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, California, Nevada, Central America, and New York. By Edmund Leathes.	SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
LONGMANS.	Left to Starve, and No One Wants the Blame. By Mrs. Germaine.
The Early History of Charles James Fox. By G. Otto Trevelyan, M.P.	SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.
The Angel-Messiah of Buddhists, Essenes, and Christians. By Ernest de Bunsen.	The Child's Own Magazine. New Series.
Lays of Ancient Rome, with Ivy and the Armada. By Lord Macaulay.	TINSLEY BROS.
New Edition. With forty-one Illustrations by J. R. Weguelin.	Stubble Farm; or, Three Generations of English Farmers. By the Author of "Ernest Strugger."
LOW AND CO.	WARD AND CO.
Pretty Peggy, and other Ballads. Illustrated by Rosina Emerton.	Tasmanian Friends and Foes, Feathered, Furred, and Finned. By Louisa Anne Meredith. With Coloured Plates and other Illustrations.
Little Britain, The Spectre Bridegroom, and A Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Charles O. Murray.	WILSON.
The Naval Brigade in South Africa, during the Years 1877-80. By Fleet-Surgeon H. F. Norbury, C.B.	Index to Our Railway System and Our Leading Lines: A Comprehensive Analysis of Railway Property, 1879-80. Fourth Number. By William Fleming.
Greece and the Greeks; or, A Historical Sketch of Attic Life and Manners. By the Hon. T. Talbot.	YOUNG ENGLAND OFFICE.
MACMILLAN.	Young England. An Illustrated Magazine for Recreation and Instruction. 1880.
English Men of Letters: Locke. By Thomas Fowler.	
The Head of Medusa. By George Fleming. 3 vols.	

